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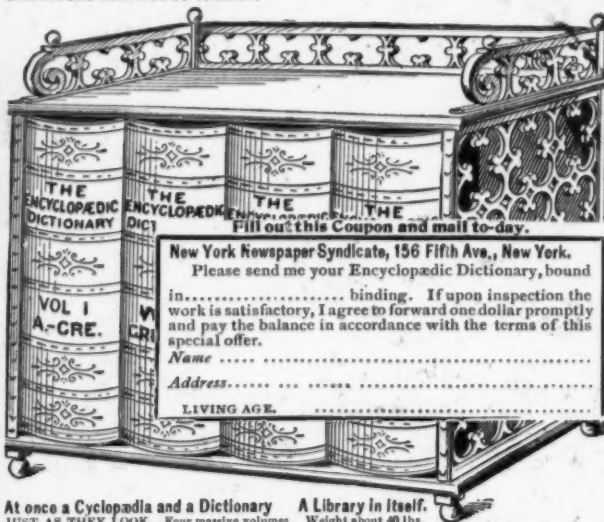
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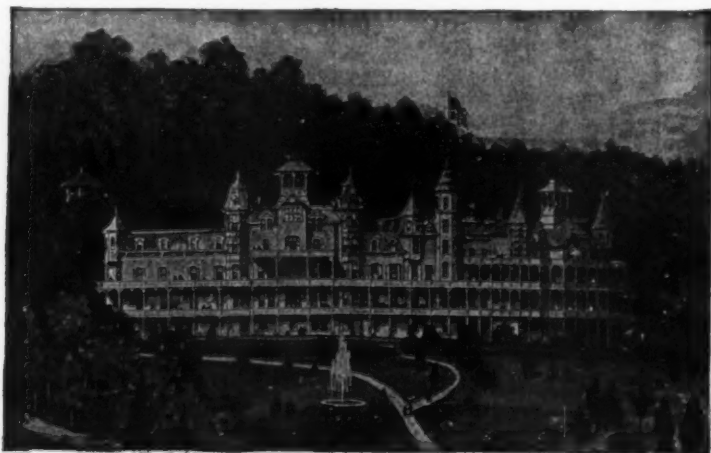
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FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCXX.

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY.

Though, so far as science can yet discern, the great process of evolution, in every department of its activity, proceeds ceaselessly onwards, never reproducing, in very truth, forms to which it has given birth and then destroyed, nevertheless it now and again develops phenomena which resemble singularly, if superficially, the products of its activity in earlier ages.

The bats and flying-foxes of our own day recall to mind the winged reptiles of the secondary age of geological time, as the huge Ichthyosauri of the then existing seas are dimly imaged forth by our dolphins and porpoises, the probable descendants of some swine-like beast which became marine and legless long after their reptilian predecessors had ceased to be.

In the political development of tribes and nations, in art, in poetry, religion, and the highest regions of human thought, analogous recurrences now and again manifest themselves.

It is to one such recurrence we would direct the attention of those of our readers who may not as yet have interested themselves in the new and important study which may be called physiological, or experimental, psychology. No longer confining itself to an interrogation of consciousness, it examines psychical manifestations in the light to be obtained by exact quantitative inquiry. It also recalls to mind, in its conception of nature, certain phases of Greek thought in that most

memorable and fruitful period—the fourth century before Christ.

But I may perhaps, at starting, be permitted to make two personal remarks, in order to gain a better hearing for views which I venture to think merit more consideration than they have obtained.

First I would observe that a very eminent scientific friend tells me my biological views and arguments are attributed by some naturalists to a wish on my part to champion ideas with which biology has no connection. I desire, therefore, to repudiate, with all the energy of which I am capable, any such object or intention. If I do not (as in fact I do not) accept as sufficient, causes for specific change and origin which do suffice in the opinion of various other naturalists, I am, of course, none the less certain that such origin is due to some natural causes. I know no causes in nature but natural causes. If I am right in regarding the process of specific origin as being still an unsolved enigma, I am not on that account without hope that its solution may hereafter be achieved, and I welcome the new psychology as a possible aid in that direction.

But if what I am thus told surprises me, what I have learned from another biologist adds amusement to my surprise. I had expressed to him a wish to discuss some points of philosophy with his intimate friend Mr. B. I was informed, in reply, that B. was disin-

clined for such discussion, fearing lest he might so be brought within the pale of a certain definite theological system!

Now, considering that in all my arguments on scientific questions I have ever made my appeal to reason, and reason only, and that the sole authority to which I have referred, as claiming some deference from naturalists, has been that of Aristotle, I do feel that such apprehensions are singularly unreasonable.

But it seems to be a fact that there are some men who are, like Laura in Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Helbeck of Bannisdale," quite unable to argue forcibly against a theological system which they detest. They seem, in consequence, beset with an abiding fear of being caught hold of by theology, as by the arms of an octopus, and dragged, willy-nilly, down into a sea of dogma from which they can find no escape. Any arguments, therefore, which they think may tend in this dreadful direction are not to be listened to, or if listened to at all, then with a mind firmly closed against conviction, but keenly on the look out for sophistries and fallacies which *must*, they think, be latent in such teaching.

We would say to such persons: "Shake off all such paralyzing fears and survey nature with an entirely unprejudiced mind. Assume that no revelation of any kind exists; adore the great God Pan or the whole heathen Pantheon; but, whatever else you do, do not shut your eyes, blunt your senses, or your reason, when you survey the world around you. It is above all things needful to avoid prejudice when we would study such a science as biology."

To be able better to appreciate this science, let us briefly consider the teaching of that philosopher who initiated, and was the father of, the whole system of modern thought—I mean Descartes.

He taught that each man is composed of two entirely different substances: (1) one spiritual, consisting of nothing but thought (the soul); (2) the other, material, possessing no property but motion (the body).

For him, the soul, devoted to thought alone, was a distinct spiritual substance, inhabiting the body and ruling it from, and enthroned in, the pineal gland. Every other power and property of our being followed inevitably, he taught, from the disposition of our bodily organs—as the movements of a watch from its construction. For him, the essence of thought excluded extension and movement; while it was of the essence of extension and movement to have nothing in common with thought or feeling.

How then was the union of the soul and body to be explained? He endeavored to explain it to his correspondent, Her Highness Elizabeth, Princess Palatine, but with small success. Indeed, he terminates his explanatory essay with these words: "*Je serais trop présomptueux si j'osais penser que ma réponse doit entièrement satisfaire Votre Altesse.*" In fact she was not satisfied, but demanded further enlightenment, which she never succeeded in obtaining.

A belief in the co-existence of these two utterly diverse substances naturally led, first to the "occasionalism" of Malebranche, and subsequently to "Idealism."

If nothing exists but a thinking spiritual substance and a material moving mechanism, there must be either two substances entirely distinct (and then a man is not one being, but two); or else he is one substance with the two attributes "thought" and "motion;" or, finally, one of these is but a dependency and modification of the other, in which case we have either materialism or idealism.

What, however, does the personal

experience of each one of us seem to be? Do we not each of us know and feel that we are one being—a unity—not a compound of two separate substances? We always “feel” in “thinking,” and we mostly also “think” in “feeling.” But our experience of unity is yet much more complete, for many vital activities which normally are never felt, now and again rise into consciousness, and sometimes into very painful consciousness; while, on the other hand, many actions which we only learn to perform by means of reiterated conscious efforts, come at last to be produced quite automatically and unconsciously.

It is evident, therefore, that we do not consist of one substance which is all thought and nothing but thought, and of another into which thought and feeling never enter. That we have a body is manifest; and it is also manifest that we possess an energy we may recognize as “thought,” but which may merely exist in the form of feeling or may pass into a state of activity which is not recognizable by thought because it is not even felt. This energy (since we have no evidence that our being is dominated by more than one kind of energy) appears, therefore, to operate partly as thought, partly as feeling, but mainly in an imperceptible and quite unconscious manner.

But the influence of Descartes remains so powerful that quite a passion still exists among many biologists for representing, if not trying to explain, the phenomena of organic life as “modes of motion.” Such naturalists as Weismann, Nägell, and many others, have attempted to explain the development of the germ by imagining the existence in it of a multitude of excessively minute particles. Each of these particles, however, when carefully con-

sidered, will be found no less to need explanation than do the phenomena they are supposed to explain. Indeed, however we may play with such conceptions, the same inevitable and insoluble difficulty will ever recur; for the energy which operates in sensation, growth, nutrition, etc., cannot be represented by the imagination, since the senses are incapable of perceiving it.

The use of such images to explain any vital phenomenon is equivalent, therefore, to an attempt to make imaginary representatives of things “perceptible” to the senses serve as representations of things “imperceptible to the senses”—which is manifestly an absurd attempt.

The view I have ever defended¹ is that every living creature is the result of the coalescence of two factors into one absolute unity; as water is produced by the coalescence of oxygen and hydrogen. After that coalescence, neither oxygen nor hydrogen exists, but water only, though the water remains capable of being again resolved into its constituent elements—the reappearance of which is the annihilation of the water. But as no two distinct substances can be identical in nature and energy, and as elements with different energies must act with different effects, so we must conclude that in their union to produce water, each element must have acted differently, and so have had some different effect upon the result which their union has produced. Also, since their energies must have been different, one of them must have been more vigorous or active than the other. It thus becomes conceivable (though not, of course, imaginable) how a new creature, coming into being from the unification of a certain mass of matter with a certain definite kind of energy, may possess some character-

¹ See our work *On Truth*, pp. 420-440. Professor Haldane, F.R.S., has lately shown (*Nineteenth Century*, September, 1898) how the physico-chemical theory of life is being

experimentally refuted. A very interesting work, by Alfred Earl, M.A., entitled *The Living Organism* (Macmillan, 1898), will well repay perusal.

istics due to one principle of its being and others due to the other principle; as also that one of them must be more dominant than the other. That the two factors which by their coalescence constitute a living organism consist respectively of a certain mass of matter, and a certain dominating energy, was the teaching of Aristotle. He compared such a union to wax stamped with a definite impress, or seal, which is one individual thing; though it has been produced by the junction of: (1) a certain definite kind of energy (the stamping with the seal), and (2) the matter impressed by that energy.

Judging by observations of animals in their development and life history, viewed in the light of our own self-knowledge, it is the immaterial factor (principle of individualism, psyche, or soul) of an animal which is the immanent principle which dominates in its development, nourishment, growth, reproduction, and sensitivity. The great German man of science, Wundt, to whom I shall have again to refer, has said: "The psychical life is not the product of the bodily organism, but the bodily organism is rather a psychical creation." Thus if, when contemplating a living animal—*e.g.* a dog—we were to regard its material body as composing it exclusively, or predominatingly, we should fall into the greatest of mistakes. We cannot say with truth either that a living dog's body or its principle of individuation (or psyche) constitutes "the dog;" for neither the one nor the other has an absolute existence, but only the living unity to which their coalescence has given rise. Nevertheless, if we are forced to use an inadequate expression, it would be much less incorrect and misleading to say the psychical force has made, maintains, and is the dog, than to attribute such virtue to its mere body.

It is not my purpose to go at any

length into this matter here, having, I think, sufficiently advocated the validity of this Aristotelian conception in earlier writings. But that living organisms thus exist, seems to us difficult to deny when we observe the activities which pervade even various species of the mineral kingdom—of the inorganic world—which so enormously surpasses the organic world both in mass and in duration.

Surely, as that eminent expert in crystallography, Professor H. A. Miers, has said,² "Nowhere is the evidence of the paramount order that prevails in Nature written in more lustrous and indelible characters than in the mineral kingdom." Each crystalline species has its own absolute internal constitution and fixed laws, by which it endures from age to age that which it is and no other—the visible expression of a definitely constituted nature, through which ceaseless order reigns. It is also from the mineral kingdom that a novel, striking argument may be brought against the doctrine that the varied, often beautiful, often curious characters which serve to define any species of animal or plant must be due to utility. Yet what is more wonderful than the beauty of marble and serpentine, of malachite and lapis lazuli, of the sapphire, the emerald, and the opal? But these wonderful spars and gems, with their endless varieties of form and color, have their innate laws of form and other properties, and their definite anatomy and physiology. They most certainly have not been due to any mere triumph of "utility." An as yet unknown energy, an X force, shows itself even here, as it does more eminently in the dominion of life.

And now let us ascend from the consideration of these phenomena presented by the inorganic world to those presented by the highest energy known

² In his inaugural lecture as Waynflete Professor.

to us in the organic world—that which enables us to acquire a knowledge of science. "Science" is the highest and most certain knowledge attainable, and this knowledge is divisible into three categories: (1) a knowledge of concrete facts; first of all, that of our own personal existence—memory enabling us to be as certain with respect to some events of our past as we are of much of our present experience; (2) a knowledge of abstract truths seen to be universally and necessarily true, such as "Nothing can, at the same time, both be and not be;" "Nothing can come into existence without a cause," etc.; (3) lastly, a knowledge of the validity of whatever may be seen necessarily to follow from premises the truth of which is certain. Unless we can have certain knowledge of these three kinds, all science is impossible.

Now when we examine the various mental powers we habitually exercise, we recognize that our mind is an energy, or principle, which is conscious of successive objects and events, and is capable of holding them, or various groups of them, in one conception before consciousness, as before a fixed point, and recognizing them as members of a series, every part of which the mind transcends. Such a principle, aware of the various kinds and directions of its own intellectual activity, consciously present to them all, and capable of reviewing its own states and external objects and events in various orders, must be a unity of the simplest possible kind. Moreover, this energy, as one which apprehends not only truth of fact, but also hypothetical truths and truth as to possibility or impossibility in various instances, must be something altogether different from what we know as "matter in motion"—as merely physical force. If then we know (as we certainly do know) material bodies and physical forces at all, it is *absolutely certain* that this intel-

lectual, enduring principle must be neither the one nor the other, but stands out in the strongest contrast with both. Therefore, if we know—as of course we do—that we have a material body, we may be certain that our being is not material only but that we are a bifold unity—two natures in one person. We are each of us a unity, for we recognize that it is as much the "I" which feels, moves, grows or decays, as it is the "I" who thinks. We are certain, indeed, as to the existence of our body, but it is absolutely *impossible* for us to really doubt the existence of our self-conscious, thinking principle. We consist of one body and one immaterial energy, together constituting an absolute unity possessing two sets of faculties. We are thus, each of us, material and physical in one aspect, immaterial and intelligent in the other aspect. No certainty which we can attain to about any external object can be nearly so certain as this certainty we have concerning our own being—first as to the immaterial, dynamic aspect of that being, and, secondly, as to its material and physical aspect. This is at once the primary and highest truth of physical science.

Though we have no valid ground for attributing to animals a psychical principle which is thus truly and absolutely intellectual, no reasonable person can deny that the higher animals—dogs, apes, elephants, etc.—not only have sensations and emotions like our own, but also a sensuous kind of memory, power of perception and of drawing practical inferences. They must each of them therefore possess a psychical side to their being, more or less like our own—generically similar, if specifically very different.

I believe that it is the above-stated truth about our own nature which can alone explain those remarkable emotional feelings of personal attraction or re-

pulsion which many of us from time to time experience. If, as I have urged and as Wundt has taught² even as regards animals, the material organism is a psychical creation, how much more must the nobler human psychical energy affect and dominate our material framework? If the dog we love is the visible expression of an invisible, intangible energy which is the dominant side of the living animal-unity, the organization, actions, and emotions of which are that energy's expression and manifestation; *à fortiori* the same may be said of the psychical energy, or "soul," of every man and woman. It is, I believe, the special nature of that psychical energy, permeating, informing and dominating the body of each individual—invisible and intangible though it be—which is the cause and foundation of those deep and mysterious feelings, just referred to, which every now and then affect us so vividly. That the "soul" of our fellow-creatures, of the men and women we like or dislike, should be imperceptible to us in and by itself is not wonderful, since, during life at least, it has no existence in and by itself. Nevertheless, being the dominating energy of that compound unity of which we each of us consist, it manifests itself to us through the animated body it informs. It thus manifests itself in the glance of the eye (whether that glance denote love or hatred), in the smile of affection, the sneer of contempt, or the scowl of abhorrence; in the beckoning or repelling gesture of the hand, and in the carriage of the head, whether it be held proudly aloof or brought near caressingly. In each case it is the immaterial energy, or soul, which thus shows itself, revealing, to a greater or less extent, the essential nature of the individual man or woman whose personality may so powerfully yet so mysteriously affect

us. We may have no suspicion of the real cause of our emotion and only note what is visible and tangible, though that emotion may all the time be really due to an unsuspected similarity of psychical nature; and thus the attraction which may spring up quite suddenly between people becomes less difficult to understand.

And when this psychical energy which has dominated us during life has disappeared, and death has reduced our active being to a mass of mere inanimate matter, what becomes of the "soul;" what is the fate of this energy?

Does reason give us good ground for believing, or even hoping, that it will survive the destruction of the body? No one, I think, can venture to affirm that nature affords us any certain evidence that a future life awaits us. On the other hand, the last refinements of science, including the new psychology, do not afford us one new argument against its possibility. Men knew, centuries ago, that "when the brain was out the man was dead, and there an end;" and we know essentially no more now, and we probably shall know no more in spite of any increase of physiological knowledge.

It certainly seems congruous that an energy such as I have just described, capable of knowing intimately so many truths and its own existence and mental processes, should be a substantial and persisting energy. Justice also, which every now and then makes itself manifest as existing in the very heart of things, seems to demand a more persistent stage to work out rewards and retributions than our present life affords; and, for men convinced of the truth of Theism, confidence in a future life may well seem a necessary consequence of the conditions which have been made to surround us here.

There are persons who foolishly imagine that they know a great deal about the condition of the soul after

² See ante, p. 205.

death. But, in truth, we cannot in the least picture to ourselves what the separated soul may be like, or what the means and methods of its activity. The only "soul" of which we have any experience is unable to think without mental images—sensuous imaginations—and it cannot possess these without a brain well supplied with blood, and it could never have acquired them save by a persistent use of the various organs of sense—the eye, the ear, etc. How, therefore, the soul can act intelligently without a brain, we can have no conception of, nor how it can know any material things. But our inability to understand what is beyond our experience in this respect, will be seen to be of less weight in considering the question, when we recall to mind how unable we are to understand analogous matters which are within our daily and hourly experience.

It is most true we cannot understand "how" the soul can reason, imagine, or perceive *without* a brain and without organs of sense, but it is no less true that we cannot understand "how" the soul can reason, imagine, or perceive *with* these organs. "How" knowledge is possible, here and now; "how" the joint action of our eyes and brain produces a field of vision with varied objects within it, who can even pretend to know? The simplest sensation is profoundly mysterious. We have therefore no right to dogmatize as to possibilities of action, the conditions of which are quite unknown to us; and, for myself, I must confess I see no impossibility in the soul (assuming that it can and does persist after death) being able to apprehend and appreciate other beings like itself and existing under conditions similar to its own. If any such faculty really exists, a very important and consolatory reflection follows from it.

It has been often objected that even were a future life a certainty, such an

existence could never supply us with the happiness which affectionate natures specially crave: it could not confer on us the happiness of again beholding beloved ones whom we have most cherished and have lost; to meet whom, once more, has perhaps been for us the most powerful aspiration of all those concerning a future existence.

Some such objections as the following have been urged. Let us picture to ourselves a young mother in an agony of grief at the loss of her little girl. All her infantile winning ways, her smiles and tears, her childish prattle, her little form clad in the raiment made for her with so much thought and pains, all the circumstances of her brief career, rise vividly in the mother's memory, and she tenderly dwells on the thought that in another and better world her beloved little one will be restored to her. But it is her "little one" as she knew her, on which her fancy dwells so fondly, it is with her she desires to be again united. To tell her that in her place she will hereafter be greeted by some invisible, intangible spiritual being, or by some full-grown woman, would be felt by her as little more than mockery of her hopes. If her hopes can only be responded to in one of these two ways, then she must feel that the happiness her heart desires is for ever denied her.

Again, let us imagine a dutiful, affectionate son by the deathbed of his aged mother. During the twenty years or more he can remember her, she has always seemed old to him. As he has seen her gradual decay, as senility has more and more crept upon her, so his affection for her has augmented. He loves her white hair and wrinkled face, her thin, shrivelled hands, and the tones of a voice which show that many years have crowned her honored age. As he mourns for her when the end has come, a pious hope that he may meet his mother once more springs up

within him. But as he indulges this hope, an image arises in his mind of his lost mother as he knew and loved her. His desire is to see her and not another—not a relatively youthful form, such as he had never known. If on reflection he cannot hope for the fulfilment of that desire, he will experience distress and discouragement, and the possible future will have relatively little value in his eyes.

Lastly, we may picture to ourselves a lover whose passionate hopes of happiness have been destroyed by the sudden and unexpected death of his betrothed. It is possible that he may experience some assuagement of his grief in the idea of a future union with her, if the pious beliefs of boyhood remain unimpaired. As he allows this aspiration to grow upon him, it is certain that his imagination will call up before his mind's eye a mental picture of the girl he has lost. He will see again the graceful outline of her form, her slender neck, her well-turned arm. He will seem to clasp her hand once more, and as she turns to him her face with its bright, loving eyes, he notes her sweet smile and the abundant tresses which adorn the head she presses to his bosom. Thus, as he has known her, so, and no otherwise, does he desire again to behold her. No immaterial intelligence, and nobody other than the very one he has known, can possibly seem capable of adequately satisfying his loving aspirations. For any other future would but mar the word of promise to his hope.

Such considerations as these may at first seem to deprive the conception of a future life of much of its value. And yet some considerations which I have here brought forward seem to me, from the point of view of pure reason, both to strengthen our hopes of future union and to give to them a satisfying character. When we reflect on the mystery as to how our mind is enabled

to perceive its fellow-creatures now, and when we recognize that this mystery is as inexplicable as how our mind may be able after death to perceive its fellow-creatures in like condition with itself, a great antecedent objection against the latter power of perception falls to the ground.⁴ That power or faculty is, like a future life, a possibility, if not a probability. No one can justly pretend that it is a certainty.

But that possibility, or probability, is, I think, of a very consolatory nature. We have recognized the fact that in the complex unity of our bodily life it is the immaterial dominant psychical principle which is the man or woman *par excellence* as compared with the mere body; and that it is this psychical nature which reveals itself through, and gives all its value to, the form and manifestations of the living body—that it is at once the source and the explanation of the powerful, and often sudden, attraction which may be felt by one human being for another.

If then the soul, in its disembodied condition, can perceive and apprehend other souls similarly conditioned, it must be able to perceive directly the very nature, the essence, of the soul so made known to it. If it can thus recognize the soul of one known during earthly life, it must be able to perceive that which constituted it what it was, that which, penetrating, as it were, through the corporeal being recognized by the senses, had given to that being its special charm. It must perceive that which was the source of those characters upon which, not our senses, but our intellect and higher emotions through the agency of our senses, had dwelt, with, it may be, the warmth of hearty friendship, it may

⁴ The late President of the British Association declared in his address that there is experimental evidence for the conveyance of thought without the use of organs of sense.

be with the rapture of love. Can we deem it probable that an intelligence thus able to apprehend directly that which gave to the material form all its charm, should hanker after, or desire to perceive again, the mere material accidents of that which it can now recognize as having always been the object really prized and beloved, though it may have been such quite unconsciously? In most cases it must have been loved thus unknowingly, since the many do not recognize that through the bodily character appreciable by sight and touch there is revealed to the intellect and higher emotions that which is altogether beyond sense, though it is only through the medium of sense-impressions that it can ever become known to living human beings.

But what has all this, our readers may ask, to do with "the New Psychology?" Many of the excellent men devoted to its study trouble themselves little about such considerations, if they do not discard them altogether. Nevertheless, there is a distinct connection, for the views herein advocated are those of Aristotle, who taught, as before said, that all living beings were each a unity formed by the coalescence of an immaterial form with a certain quantity of matter. But Descartes, from whom almost all modern philosophers descend, entirely separated, as we before pointed out,⁸ an immaterial substance of mere thought from a material body which had no property but motion. The New Psychology will have nothing of this. It directly connects psychical phenomena—sensation, and thought, and action—with what is material and can be precisely and accurately measured and enumerated. Originating in Germany, it has been greatly developed in America, and

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promises to extend itself quickly in our own country from very small beginnings.⁹ But most memorable are the words of its founder, Wundt, who instituted the laboratory at Leipzig and who distinctly enunciated the close affinity existing between his new psychology and the Peripatetic Philosophy. His words are: "*Les résultats de mes travaux ne cadrent ni avec le dualisme platonicien ou cartésien; seul l'animisme Aristotélicien, qui rattache la psychologie à la biologie, se dégage, comme conclusion métaphysique plausible, de la psychologie expérimentale.*" Here indeed is a remarkable recurrence and revival, such as we referred to in the beginning of this article.

How far reaching then are the results of the sagacious speculations of the great Macedonian sage, and how well justified the judgment, with respect to him, of my old friend the late Sir Richard Owen!

When I was little more than a lad, in reply to a question about the views of John Stuart Mill, whose logic I was then studying, he said to me: "I do not think that, in Philosophy, the human mind will ever get much beyond Aristotle." To any youth consulting me, I should now, in my turn, make the very same declaration. However, let the ultimate results of the new science be what they may, whether in the long run it confirms or puts difficulties in the way of the views which we have here ventured to put forward, I desire heartily to welcome and wish good speed to the most recent development of biological science—to the experimental, or New, Psychology.

St. George Mivart.

⁸ See ante, p. 262.

⁹ See Sully, *The Human Mind*, 1892.

FRANCESCO PEREZ.*

One morning, in the year 1837, the Duke of Laurenzana, Lieutenant-General of the King of Naples, in Palermo, summoned to his presence one of the young employees of the ministry, and after having looked him over from head to foot, put the question:—

"Do you add the poetical to your other talents?"

"Not at all, Excellency," answered the other. "But I write, and some are so indulgent as to pardon me."

"Pooh! Always ready to take up the pen at the call of caprice, but never at that of duty."

"If I were a poet, Your Excellency would quite understand that in that capacity my only duty would be to write as my heart and fancy dictate."

"So your heart said nothing when His Majesty came to Palermo?"

"What it said is of little consequence. The point is that I did not think it necessary to repeat its expression."

"To be brief, being a government official, you should have obeyed and written the poetry asked of you."

"As employee of the State it was, or is, my duty to satisfy the official demands of my position, nothing more. But since it is evident that you allude to an incident which I desired to forget, I must say that never was man more atrociously insulted. Who gave that man the right to send orders to me by a policeman?"

"Remember, sir, that this is the nineteenth century."

"Excellency, nobody knows that fact better than I."

"Then don't forget that pretexts and excuses will do no good."

"Pretexts? I? Understand once for all that the man you are pleased to insult has never written and will never

write eulogies for pay or under threat; and that simply because he holds it to be his first duty to keep his conscience pure and undefiled."

"Do you realize that I can punish you for your insolence?"

"Perfectly."

"That I can have you suspended?"

"Only too well."

"That I can turn you out?"

"Certainly."

"Take the case into court?"

"Certainly."

"Lastly, that I can—"

"Oh, Excellency! I know that you can do me all the harm imaginable. There is just one thing you cannot do, and that is to act justly in following such a course."

"Don't raise your voice!"

"Then lower yours, Excellency. You take precedence of me."

"Leave the room. Go home and be sick for a fortnight."

"I never felt better in my life."

"Leave the room! You are suspended. I will show you what my anger means."

"Excellency, what becomes of myself is a matter of perfect indifference to me. The love or hatred which I shall feel for you will be determined solely by the good or the ill which poor Sicily receives at your hands." And the youth was already at the threshold, when the Governor called him back, and, holding out his hand, said in accents that were almost friendly: "You're suspended for a fortnight." But to the surgeon, Pasini, who had been his companion in the *Carboneria* in 1820, he could not help expressing his own admiration for the haughty poet, who was moreover transferred a few months later from the Department of State to that of the Treasury.

* Translated for The Living Age.

Those were good days, when the weak were not abject, nor the powerful ungenerous! And how clearly the preceding colloquy makes us realize the personality of that youth, noble, proud, candid, magnanimous; a genuine character, and not a mere simulacrum of a man; a heart, incapable either of hesitation or self-contradiction.

The distinguishing quality of characters like these is their perfect consistency. In any crisis of life we can predict with perfect certainty how they will act. Even their impulses move with absolute unanimity, obeying a necessity stronger than their own volition, revolving about a group of high, unchanging ideals, which constitute the essence of their nature. Just because of this stability of conscience these men have always, more or less, of what Lombrose calls *misoncismo*; or, distrust of what is new. They fear that fresh facts and experiences may destroy, or at least disturb, the balance of their convictions.

Francesco Perez, in all the vicissitudes of his noble life, in all his principal writings, which the city of Palermo has collected in three elegant volumes, shows himself ever the same. He is always that young poet who repelled the threats of the Bourbon Governor from the proud security of his own conscience:—"I know that you can do me all the harm imaginable. There is just one thing you cannot do: act justly in following such a course!"

In that same year, 1837, at a meeting called by the Academy of Science, Letters and Art to do honor to the memory of Domenico Scinà, a distinguished historian who had died of cholera a short time before, Perez read a poem, modelled on the "Basvilliana" by Monti. Toward the close of this he

alluded to the Bourbon treachery of 1812 in these bold words:

Then rose one of the cherubim aloft,
In his right hand a sword, and in his
left
Grasping a trumpet, which gave forth
a sound
Funereal, pealing far these solemn
words:—
"Just is the blood I shed, and justly
God
Corrects this guilty town; but for that
fool
And traitor,—now become the instru-
ment
To serve my wrath,—folly shall work
his doom."¹

These were lines which, in those days, were likely to send their author to the galleys; but the man thought it his duty to speak them and he spoke.

Then came 1848. All remember how, in the early days of that year, there appeared upon the barrack walls at Palermo a placard of defiance, whereon the people declared to the Bourbon, in terms of unexampled boldness, that on the twelfth of January he would be deprived of his Sicilian throne. It is unnecessary to describe the excitement occasioned by this challenge among the friends of the existing order of things: all can imagine it for themselves. Eleven of the most prominent citizens belonging to the Liberal party were thrown into the dungeons of Castellamare, and among these was Perez. When the latter was released, after the triumph of the Revolution, he lost no time in making public acknowledgment of the clumsy kindness and doggedly indulgent treatment which he had received at the hands of his jailer, Commandant Gross, a Swiss.

"One morning we heard a knocking at the door. We opened, and there

¹ —un cherubin sicuro,
Nella destra una spada, ed una tromba,
Stringea nell' altra, e dalla tromba usciva
Un suon funebre, l sì quel suon rimbomba.

"Giusto il sangue ch'io verno, onde la ria
Città corregga Iddio; ma su quell 'empio
Che tradì la sua patria, e all' ira mia
Sì fe' ministro, ricadrà lo scempio."

stood Gross, good-humored and laconic as ever, come to let us know that on the preceding night he had himself watched over our safety, and, assisted by some of the other officers, guarded us from the excesses of Ferdinand's soldiery. One of our number, greatly moved and wishing to express his thanks, stretched out a grateful hand. Gross turned his back, then half reversed his movement, and raising his long arms into the air, said: 'Oh, no, no. You mustn't touch the hand of your country's foe!'

"Another time, when for days we had had no other food than wormy biscuit and a little bacon, and had given free expression to the loathing and nausea which we felt at the thought of swallowing such stuff, the door was unlocked one evening and Gross came in wrapped in a cloak. Once in our midst, he threw it back, drew a ham from under his arm, handed it over to us and departed in silence, leaving his burden behind him."

Fairness of mind, even towards one's enemies, and a merry, kindly spirit,—these are traits which can never be forgotten in any complete summary of the character of Perez.

As deputy from Alcamo to the Sicilian Chamber, Perez, in the midst of the violent altercations between the supporters of the monarchical and the republican forms of governments, made a proposition remarkable alike for patriotic pride and political acumen. "Let the world know that Sicily has proved herself Italian. Let that malediction which God has already fulminated from heaven upon the empty-pated Bourbon and his accursed race, be to-day issued as a decree. The fact is accomplished; it only remains to announce it. Let us declare formally that we desire liberty under the *régime* of a constitutional monarchy, and that Sicily calls for a prince of an Italian house. This is enough for now.

It is more prudent for the moment not to select that prince, but to look a little more closely first into the political condition of Italy, and see what may best subserve her needs. But let us at least make it known that Sicily desires to be independent and Italian.

From this time on, the life of Perez was a continual battle with tongue, pen and example, on behalf of his ideals of truth and freedom; while above all these rose supreme the thought of Italian unity. He went to Turin with the Commission which offered the crown of Sicily to the Duke of Genoa; he met with opposition both from the Minister and the Court; he defended the justice of the proceeding in an ardent pamphlet. As Vice-President of the Congresso Federativo, he continued to uphold his theory: he went back to Sicily to combat the aspirations of the Republicans. He was summoned to appear before the Superior Criminal Court of Naples in the prosecution of Poerio, Settembrini, and Spaventa, and failing to obey was condemned to perpetual exile. In 1859, he issued a flaming proclamation in Sicily, intended to incite the inhabitants to revolution. After the invasion of Garibaldi, he went there himself, at the Dictator's request, and, sinking all personal considerations, thought only of helping forward by labor and counsel the reconstruction of his fatherland. And, in the meantime, he was publishing volumes of history, literature, poetry, and æsthetics, teaching in the Istituto Superiore at Florence, serving as a railway director, busy with legislation, political economy, philosophy; with the criticism of Dante and the exegesis of Bible texts.

Such versatile energy, such superabundant enthusiasm, such richness of life, at once reveals for us the psychological category to which Perez belonged. He was what Ribot calls an "active-sentitive." His existence was,

in truth, a civic apostolate; not perhaps of the first order, like those of Peter the Hermit, Luther, and Mazzini, but fervent, full, sincere, and not without effect upon the fate of nations. In him intellect was subordinate to character: his mental attitude was determined by his predispositions.

Unconsciously to himself, it may be, the springs of his thought and action lay ever in his deeply rooted affections. Noble and proud, all aflame for his Sicily and his Italian fatherland, disdaining all that was or seemed to him petty, low, mean, or intolerant, he neither advanced nor supported ideas whose truth he did not feel: while what he did deeply feel, seemed to him for this very reason to be logical and true.

II.

The intellectual life of Perez falls into three main divisions,—branches, as it were, with many minor ramifications. These are the political, the æsthetic, and the literary.

To understand his political theory, one should recall the attitude adopted by all Sicilian historians after the sixteenth century towards the political tradition of Sicily from the days of the Normans to our own.

The Norman conquest was considered as the corner-stone of Sicilian independence and unity. Under the Normans, and still more under the Suabians, Sicily, the *regnum Siciliae*, constituted a political unit, was at the same time a nation and a state, having its capital at Palermo, its own religion, its own civilization, half Latin and half Arab, its own language (the *volgare illustre* of Dante), and its own literature. The rest of the monarchy, that is to say, the duchy of Apulia, and the principality of Capua, and even the kingdom of Jerusalem, was considered as, in a way, annexed to and dependent on Sicily. To prove the

glory and prosperity of this kingdom, people used to quote both Mussulman and Christian chronicles:—Edrisi, Ugo Falcando, Mohammed Ebn Globair, Romualdo Salernitano, Matthew Paris, Riccardo di San Germano, and, above all, those lines in Villani where he affirms that “men are more secure, and lead happier lives in the forests of Sicily than in the most flourishing cities of all the rest of Italy.” The moderation of Sicilian feudalism, the virtue and learning of the clergy, and the free activity of the Communes, which fortified the political constitution of those days, and caused it to flourish and expand, all these things were remembered for centuries with gratitude and pride.

The rule of Charles of Anjou, who destroyed the supremacy of Sicily, and transferred the seat of government to Naples, aroused in the island that wild indignation which found vent in the Sicilian Vespers. Under the House of Aragon Sicily became once more a free and independent kingdom, and again the great energy of her sons was expended on politics, legislation, literature, and “all the occupations of a gentleman.” But when King Alphonso transferred his capital to Naples, discontent was again aroused. It increased under the Bourbons, and lasted till the French Revolution.

King Ferdinand, having been forced by the Napoleonic whirlwind to take refuge in Sicily under the protection of an English fleet, was afraid that the Sicilians might lend a favorable ear to the flatteries of Murat. He therefore permitted the Sicilian Parliament to assemble in 1812, and Parliament voted the independence of the island, making it a condition that, should Ferdinand return to the throne of Naples, he should leave that of Sicily to some prince of his house, who should take oath to rule in accordance with the amended Constitution,—all

feudal privileges being revoked from that date. This was evidently the old political tradition of the *regnum Siciliae* of Frederick II., which had lived on in the island unchanged for more than six centuries. King Ferdinand took the oath required of him, but presently broke his pledge. After the events of 1815 he closed the Sicilian Parliament, abrogated all constitutional rights, annulled the liberties of the Communes, styled himself *King of the Two Sicilies*, made Naples once more his capital, and, availing himself of that system of centralization invented by Napoleon for purposes of his own, he treated Sicily like a conquered country. The hate and disgust of the Sicilians blazed up the more vehemently because their compact with the king was of so recent a date; and herein lay the chief reason for the revolutions of 1820 and 1848. The defiant challenge of 1848 had contained this phrase: "either the tyrant will recognize the rights of Sicily, or the people will regain them upon the battlefield." Parliament of 1848 did, in fact, propose neither confederation nor annexation, but a Sicilian kingdom and a king of Sicily.

After this explanation, we can understand how it happened that the idea of annexing Sicily to Italy, as an adjunct or conquest of the neighboring peninsula, had found, up to 1848, neither advocates nor opponents in Sicily. How, indeed, should such an idea have arisen? Domenico Scinà, a man of profound intelligence, and even liberal in a fashion, described as *Italian hysteria* the first efforts made by young Sicily in the direction of national unity. Then, as now, the common people applied the name "foreigners" to the citizens of the Italian mainland. About 1848, the most ardent spirits began to ventilate their notions of Italian unity,—but these comprised no thought of preponderance or strong

centralized government. There was to be a kind of federation, in which each state would preserve its own liberty and autonomy.

Such was the political ideal of Francesco Perez, who constituted himself its ardent champion, especially in *La Rivoluzione Siciliana del 1848*, and in *La Centralizzazione e la Libertà*. He conceived a sort of compromise between the memories of old Sicily and the new aspirations of unifying Italy; he accepted the kingdom of Italy without utterly destroying the state of Sicily; he brought personal and general liberty into pleasant harmony. Perez was not, as some have thought him, a separatist; he desired unity, but opposed centralization, because "*centralization and liberty are contradictory ideas.*"

He defends his system with such a wealth of data, collected carefully and by personal observation, with such varied learning and force of argument, that his conclusions appear well-nigh irresistible. His criticism of centralization still remains the most subtle and vigorous of all which have been made in Italy since 1860. A close examination will, however, show us that here, too, his belief, though sincere, sprang from a sentimental impulse. Behind it lay the jealous distrust of the Sicilian, who, still mindful of the *regnum Siciliae* of William the Good, of Frederick II. and King Martin, cannot resign himself to the thought of that glorious state of old sunk to the position of a conquered and subject province. It was the conservative instinct of the old liberal, to whom that ceased to be liberty which, instead of developing naturally in accordance with local forces and requirements, was mechanically regulated by the uniform impulse of a central power. This is not the place to critically examine the theory of Perez, nor to inquire how much or how little the present government may

have done, especially in Sicily, to supersede that theory by a better and to make its own acceptable to the people. It only comes within the scope of our present purpose, which is mainly psychological and literary, to note that this was the inevitable political attitude of the liberal and active Sicilian patriot. But his view cannot be dismissed as entirely antiquated, since it formed the main argument of a discourse delivered in Palermo to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of its great revolution, by one of our greatest statesmen.

III.

Perez defended his æsthetic theories in several books, one, "*Sul Bello*," another "*Della Imitazione della Natura e del Vero nell'Arte*," a lecture on "*Sicilian Painting*," and some other minor works.

Even more manifestly than in the case of politics does the æsthetic theory of Perez spring from his individual preferences. It is developed, not by a cold, objective analysis of phenomena, but by sympathy, subjective and warm; yet the conclusion to which it inevitably leads is erroneous.

Man, our author points out, can only perceive nature or external realities through the medium of his own sensations and emotions. But since every man has his own fashion of perceiving and comprehending reality, when he wishes to represent this in a work of art, after having pondered on it in his own mind, it is not the reality, but his idea which he expresses, and therefore, an artist can only express ideas. This axiom once established, it is futile to recommend to the artist the imitation of *the true*, nor should his work be judged by the standard of reality. Truth of itself has no existence; reality is always shifting according to the individual temperament.

He then who should understand by "the imitation of the true," that "the type which art should strive to reproduce consists in particular ideas or forms universally held to represent the objective entity," would avoid the absurd, but ruin Art. "If the aim of Art be the expression, or as people put it, the imitation of concepts and forms commonly considered identical with particular external realities, Art would approach her goal in proportion as she was brought into agreement with ordinary ideas, concepts and forms. Therefore, the more ordinary the ideal, traditional, physical types, the more ordinary the concrete image in the mind of the artist, and his mode of expressing himself in his work. In a word, the more trivial and plebeian is Art the more lofty it becomes." Perez, on the contrary, opines that Art should not only represent that which is most rare—perfect beauty, grandeur of soul, virtue, the most exalted sentiments. Moses, Saul, Brutus, Farinata,—these are themes for art. The aim of Art is the intellectual education of the public, an end to be attained by representing *ideas* in the most universal and abstract form possible. "Among the thousand common facts and characters that perpetually surround us, history keeps alive and transmits from generation to generation only those which contain characteristics so universal that humanity can identify them with the generic and abstract concept of the passion, the character, or the event which determines them." So we find that Hercules is still the symbol of strength, Ulysses of foresight, Thersites of petulance, Dædalus of industry. The *idea* is the more æsthetic, because so catholic and abstract; the symbol is therefore the supreme expression of art.

I do not intend to discuss at length, a theory, the original sin of which lay perhaps in that very nobility of pur-

pose common to all the patriots of revolutionary generation: in their determination to make every phase of social life instrumental in the education of the people. It seems to me incredible that a mind so agile and acute as was that of Perez should not have at least suspected the flagrant contradictions between his theory and the history of literature and art. Ignoring the fact that his conception of the *idea* in relation to nature is too rigid and metaphysical, how is it possible to deny the æsthetic quality not only of that which is common, but even of the trivial, the plebeian, and the bestial? Have we not in literature, to go no further, Vanni Fucci and the devils of Malebolge, Falstaff and Caliban, Martha and Mephistopheles, over against Francesca da Rimini and Farinata, Othello and Ophelia, Mignon and the Count of Egmont? And are not the feast of Trimalchio as Petronius describes it, or Boccaccio's tales, as full of æsthetic completeness as a "life" of Suetonius or an "example" by Passaventi? What is "I Promessi Sposi" if not the story of an ordinary incident occurring to the most ordinary people in the world?

Poetical material exists everywhere, in every sensation, from the most humble to the most complex, in every sentiment, from the vilest to the most lofty, in every individual, from the thief to the hero. It is only necessary that the poet should carefully nourish in his fancy the image that he has created for himself of external reality, till he is able, as it were, to consider it with detachment. That is the moment for æsthetic production, which the work of art will leap forth free and entire.

But just because the internal image, as it grows to completion in the poet's mind, becomes detached from him, and, as it were, autonomous, the poet can assign to it no civil office whether edu-

cational or ethical. A work of art needs but to be perfect in itself, like a living organism; and the laws which govern it are closely allied to those of external nature. Do we not know Don Abbondio as though we had ourselves seen him and heard him speak? Is not the deadly hemlock as perfectly organized as the wholesome grain, just as a poem by Baudelaire is as perfect an organism as one by Lamartine? We are at liberty to eat the grain and leave the hemlock, but surely we have not the right to deny the vital force of the one or the other.

For the rest, it is enough to recollect that æsthetic emotion has its origin in superfluous activity, a superabundance of nervous force, in a *sport*—to use a word which will emphasize its remoteness from all conscious endeavor for useful result. From Homer to Schopenhauer, from Spencer to Sergi, all agree on this point. Now, a *sport* precludes the idea of utility. I am not saying that a work of art cannot exercise a social or ethical influence. It can most certainly do so, but quite apart from its æsthetic value. Nor is it permissible to request a poet to write in one fashion rather than another. A poet cannot write at will; his sentiment and imagination are alike beyond his control; he is not their master, but their slave. Every writer is most powerful when most sincere, and sincerity implies obedience, not dictation to one's own temperament. If Byron is so made that the lovely spectacle of legitimate affection leaves him unmoved, why ask him to write family poetry? If Manzoni has not a sensual temperament, why be surprised that in all his work there is not a single lover's kiss?

From these premises it results that far from being the supreme form of art, the symbol is nothing less than æsthetic. For what is a symbol? It is a fiction to which the author volun-

tarly attaches a concept of his own. It is, then, composed of two distinct parts: an exterior form devoid of soul and a concept, that is, an abstraction which moves according to the will of its author. The visionary element is lacking, the free, full, perfect vision, which moves of its own impulse; as much alive as any living thing.

IV.

The third ideal of Perez, the literary, was founded on patient and ever-renewed research, and found expression in a course of lectures delivered at the University of Palermo and in "Beatrice Svelata," the work on which the fame of the Sicilian writer really rests.

We are all aware of the unceasing effort which men have been making, ever since the fourteenth century, to discover the real signification of Dante's Beatrice. For some, Beatrice has been a real woman; for some, an ideal creature; to some, she represented theology, to others, spiritual love, to others, philosophy; to Rossetti, the imperial supremacy, to Bartoll, woman in the abstract.

Perez begins by denying the historical reality of Beatrice altogether, and after having discussed, with much learning, the use and abuse of symbol and allegory in all the intellectual manifestations of the Middle Ages, he passes on to the question whether the works of Dante were or were not conceived in an allegorical form. Now, according to Perez, not only did Dante compose them in that form, but he would have scorned the thought of any other. The difference between the style of the Sicilians and that of the Bolognese and Tuscan rhymers of Dante's day, consists precisely in the paramount importance attached by the latter to study, science and allegory. When Dante answers Bonagiunta in these marvellous lines:

Io mi son un che quando,
Amor mie spira, noto, ed a quel modo
Che ditto dentro, vo significando.

he means that the true poet should draw all his inspiration from study (or *zeal*, which in a passage of the "Convito" (III. 2) he identifies with Love), which operates along with the acquired habit of knowledge.

After analyzing the "Vita Nuova," the "Convito" and the "Divina Comedia," and all but ignoring the passages which support the historic reality of Beatrice, Perez finally sets himself to discover the "essential idea" hidden under the allegory of the other lady. And here he makes the searching criticism, that if the woman praised in the "Convito" is, as is certainly the case, Philosophy, it is difficult to understand why Dante, in the "Vita Nuova" should declare that this second love of his was "base desire." The only answer to this objection is that of d'Ancona, who has shown some plausible reasons why Dante, in his riper years, should have preferred to identify a *real* woman who had attracted his fancy after the death of Beatrice, with the Philosophy of the "Convito." And here Perez plunges, full tilt, into the scholastic philosophy of the Middle Ages. He discusses the "possible intellect" and the "active intelligence" according to the principles of Aristotle and the glosses of Arabic commentators. He tries to prove (he does not do it!) that Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas, in whose philosophical system Dante was trained, had derived and accepted from Aristotle the theory of an active intelligence, separate, extrinsic, immortal, perfect; and he comes to the conclusion that, as the union of the "possible intellect" and the "active intelligence"

² Purgatorio XXIV, 52-4. I am one who when love inspires me, take note, and according as he dictates within me, I go on to reveal.

constitutes, according to the Scholastics, that highest blessedness (*somma beatitudine*) to which all aspire, therefore the "mental Beatrice" of Dante can be nothing else than the active intelligence. His self-chosen title of "bard of rectitude" is to be explained by the definition of Averroes, "the intelligence which directs the working of our intellect is nothing else than a comprehension of the order and rectitude existing in the world." And since this order and rectitude can only be realized by a sovereign empire, Dante is also the poet of the universal monarchy.

Such is the outline of this book, which, notwithstanding its defects, seems to me one of the broadest, most original and most acute commentaries which have been made on the entire works of our greatest poet. Perez has certainly injured his cause by combating the historic reality of Beatrice with such vehemence; the more since this question in no way affects that of the ideal symbol into which Dante may have transformed his lady after she died. It must be admitted, too, that violence has occasionally been done to certain words of Dante's, which do not properly bear the meaning put upon them by the accomplished Palerman.

But no Dantesque commentator has had a more thorough knowledge than Perez of the science, the philosophy, and the general mental constitution of the Middle Ages. His "Beatrice Svelata" (Beatrice Unveiled), so warmly praised by Renan and Bartoli, does not deserve the contempt with which it was treated by Gaspary; and this becomes the more evident if we remember that the few lines of his own "History" which Gaspary devotes to the philosophy of Thomas Aquinas and that of the Middle Ages in general, betray a knowledge so superficial as to deprive of any authority whatsoever his judgment on a book whose central

aim is to expound mediæval metaphysics.

V.

Perez' style admirably reflects the qualities of his character. His prose is vigorous and impassioned, almost always frankly polemical in tone, evincing no great care in the composition, with no elegant flourishes whatever; one feels that the writer had no end in view but that of urging, moving, persuading, and he makes straight for his goal. What he says comes direct from his heart. Hence, he is almost always effective and not seldom eloquent. He has no freshness of imagery, nor richness of vocabulary, nor what rhetoricians call "purity and propriety of language." He tumbles down facts and arguments, facts and arguments, one after the other, but those bare facts are full of significance, those simple arguments are linked one with the other in an indissoluble chain, which binds the reader and holds him captive. His active, sensitive spirit finds clear expression in the fiery power of his logic. In the preface to his work on the Sicilian Revolution he exclaims, "Far from my Sicily, my very soul sickening at the iniquitous war waged by a despot and an army which some call Italian, against the sacred soil of liberty, I know no other comfort save that of thinking and speaking of and for my country." *My Sicily, of her and for her.* It is the lament of a hopeless lover. This is not style, but it is a heart weeping burning tears.

In a general way, men of action are not stylists. Your stylist will be a contemplative man, able to take time enough to examine a given phrase from every side, turn it this way and that, repolish it, bring it to perfection; and he will have no impatient activity of temperament to spur him on. Such

a one was that most elegant of writers, Messer Francesco Petrarca.

But Cæsar, Napoleon and Garibaldi were no stylists. Cæsar's is the cold and lucid prose of a busy and matter-of-fact man; that is to say, of a predetermined conqueror. Napoleon has left but little of his own composition, but he seems to have belonged to the same psychological category as Cæsar. Garibaldi was the ideal type of the *active-sensitive*, that is, of the man of action who is also a man of feeling; and, making allowance for disparity of education, his style is very like that of Perez.

To characters of this kind external form is never an end in itself. It is merely a means of propaganda, of persuasion, of rousing enthusiasm. They are preoccupied with form only in so far as it clothes facts and arguments which aim exclusively at benefiting the individual or society. Sometimes, like

Nuova Antologia.

Napoleon at the base of the pyramids, they hit upon a sublime phrase, but the sublimity is in the concept, not in the form of expression. Temperaments of this kind are apt to waste their rich energy in turbulent and unbridled living; in the pursuit of pleasure or of danger. Sometimes they serve their country by acts of heroism, by the dissemination of noble ideas, by tireless and varied activity, by their reckless pursuit of some cherished ideal of civilization. The most intrepid soldiers and explorers, the most ardent and successful innovators are ever of this type. But the composition of a great work of art requires genius;—a something of which the average human mind, always liable either to sink into triviality or run into excess, is quite incapable. Italian literature furnishes us with one instance, and only one, of a great poet who was also an *active-sensitivist*—Dante Alighieri.

G. A. Cesareo.

NOT IN THE STRENGTH OF DUTY BUT OF LOVE.

Not in the strength of duty but of love,
Not as Fate wills but as their comrades call,
The stars of midnight on their orbits move,
Each drawn to each, and all afire for all.
Blind that we are, we think they blindly sweep
Through voids of darkness, without guide or aim:
Yet all the Universe, from deep to deep,
Flashes and glows with love's ethereal flame.
Deaf that we are, we think that silence reigns
When midnight sends no message to our ears;
Yet all Creation echoes to the strains
Sung at love's bidding by the gliding spheres,
Silent and dark we deem it—yet the night
Rings with love's music, quivers with love's light.

From *The Silence of Love*.

Edmond Holmes.

THE ETCHINGHAM LETTERS.

XXIX.

From Miss Elizabeth Etchingham, the Hotel, Glenfearn, N. B., to Sir Richard Etchingham, 83 Hans Place.

Dearest Dickory,—“Earthquakes as usual,” or Laura-quakes, if you object to hyperbole.

What is the meaning of *Annosus*? A telegram came yesterday, addressed Etchingham, signed Legrave, and consisting of but one word—*Annosus*. We none of us knew what it meant. Laura, who, since Mr. McTavish’s expressions of interest in her “setting up” and “getting bed and meat” has smiled more or less upon him (“not, of course, like ourselves, but a worthy, well-meaning man”), passed the cryptic and, as we supposed, “Unicode” communication on to him as a last resort. Mr. McTavish laid down his fishing-tackle, the sound of the winding of the reel ceased, and he thought he had a copy of the “Unicode” “about” him. And so he had, and straightway went on to read out, “Twins both dead, mother not expected to live.”

Here was unlooked-for news upon a fine summer morning, and Laura, of course, was terribly unnerved at once. The fact that for all our endeavor we could not place the disaster, of which the transmitter was, we supposed, Stephen, hardly served to compose her. Mr. McTavish’s “It may be no true,” our landlord’s “Deed I’ve heard o’ waur happenin’,” and the “Na, Davy, that ye ne’er heard o’” of kind Mrs. McPhail (kind, save when the integrity of her drains is questioned), were intermingled with Laura’s sighs, shivers, and awe-struck utterances expressive of the unexpectedness of Fate—unexpected indeed in a case where, as I have already said, we did not even

know upon whom to fasten the calamity. The arrival of the coaches and “shar-a-bangs” drove Laura from the inn door upstairs, and when her audience consisted of but Cynthia and myself we heard again the old story of the want of confidence with which she is treated by the family; the Cimmerian darkness to which she is consigned. “Anything might happen without my being prepared, and with an action of the heart like mine, I do not consider it safe.” After a little of this, I sent the Camelry, who was weeping in premature sympathy, to the post office with a telegram telling Stephen to repeat the message. Hours of vague surmises, during which Laura dwelt upon the possibility of getting satisfactory mourning in Edinburgh, and wondered if Charles were the bereaved husband and father; wondered if Colonel Legrave had, unbeknown to us, taken to himself a second wife; wondered if Stephen himself had made a secret marriage and waited till now to inform us of the fact. “Sorrow, Elizabeth, though you may smile (and I think your smiles are very out of place) does soften people, and to whom should Stephen turn in the day of trouble, if not to me?” Mrs. Le Marchant, too, sat with us and indulged in sepulchral recollections of the mothers and children she had known to be carried off in one fell swoop, and then at last the return telegram came: “Annumero.” I flew in search of Mr. McTavish. “Annumero;” “Book is not yet published.”

“It’s a peety folk doesna’ say what they mean,” was Mr. McPhail’s comment.

All this has so shaken Laura that she feels “it is not fair to myself” to remain longer at Glenfearn; and conse-

quently, the head and shoulders of the Camelry have been buried in travelling trunks since breakfast time. A dentist and a shoemaker are our ostensible reasons for hurrying to Edinburgh. "Her ladyship says, M'm, that the filling is now out of her tooth (perhaps it's the toughness of the meat has drawn it), and her heel's blistered that dreadful and painful that she don't know how to walk;" but as Mrs. Le Marchant (who has been filling up odd days here between visits) leaves Glenfean to-morrow, Laura anyway would have found this heathered place unendurable when deprived of her companionship. Mrs. Le Marchant has just proved the hair that prevented the sword of Damocles from falling and causing death from solitude. Laura has confided in her freely, and "grief is easy to carry when the burden is divided among friends" (I take this reflection from Reynard the Fox's uncle Martin). Your postcard, too, was wrongly read. "Don't presume upon the climate" Laura understood to mean that the enervation from which she now suffers is nothing to what she may expect.

With Mrs. Le Marchant as a warning, should I ever have a house to call my own, nothing will induce me to let it and throw myself for months together upon the hospitality of my friends. The hospitality of our friends is delightful, so long as their hospitality is not our convenience, but to be fitting in visits, eking out one there, and squeezing in another here, I think it is detestable, almost depraving. And then there is a sort of atmosphere, unseverable from formal visits, that comes between oneself and the heart of the country. The very views from the windows become the property of host and hostess as much as do the pictures on the walls. I remember once during a three days visit to the Leytons, hearing Laura praise the

nightingale as if she were complimenting Lady Leyton on the musical performance of her niece; and she really spoke of a peculiarly brilliant sunset with a civility that led one to infer that she imputed the splendor of the evening sky to the admirable taste and feeling for color of Lord Leyton himself.

I am sorry for Charles' disappointment. Minnie is not the first woman, and will not be the last, whose help has been a hindrance to her husband. ("When Job was afflicted, the loss of his wife was not included in his misfortunes," Mrs. Vivian once observed.) Charles has, however, as you say, established a claim upon his party, and to have established a claim in public, as in private life, is to gain possession of a potent weapon. Let us hope that, if he stands again, Minnie will be too deeply engrossed in "A Tribute of Tears," or some other work of imagination, to throw herself "heart and soul," as she calls it, into the campaign. Minnie is always posing as something or other. She has lately posed as the devoted "helpmate," the colleague as well as wife. (I don't mean that her affection for Charles is a pose, for of course it is not. I only mean she has consciously set herself to play the part.) If we could shift her pose, and get her to take temporarily that of *femme incomprise*, or soulful woman linked to a soulless husband, whilst she was occupied in pouring the soul into a novel, Charles, uncompromised by his wife, might succeed in getting mind and body into St. Stephen's. Stephen Leagrave, by sympathy and approval, could possibly bring about this state of things. He has always treated Minnie's literary exploits with gratifying interest, and went the length of describing "Only a Woman's Heart" as a human document. And then, when Charles had taken his seat, Minnie might be gently

pushed into another pose—the pose of the sensible young woman who played with her babies and minded her own business, and was as kind and good-hearted as Minnie really is.

To be sure it is the *Mona Lisa* that I see as the portrait of your frank, unsophisticated, bicycle-riding Margaret. To revert to truth after this deviation from it, *La Belle Ferronière* was in my mind when I wrote, and as soon as the letter was posted, I remembered, with staircase memory (staircase memory is allied to staircase wit), that *La Belle Ferronière* is not, in these latter days, included in Leonardo's works. Have you a mind in which what you know lies dormant at times, and suddenly forces itself—mostly too late for use—upon your consciousness? Certainly not. The mind of Richard is better regulated, doubtless. I should like your views of the *Mona Lisa*. Are you fascinated, as I am, or repelled? Had I to put a personality to her, I should choose, I think, that of another Margaret, that of a very far distant Margaret—Marguerite of Navarre. Pater's description of the picture does not please me, but then the beauty of Pater's writing is a beauty I fail to appreciate. I find something meretricious about it, and between that and honest beauty there is to me just the difference that lies between a field of cowslips or a bank of violets and a perfumer's shop.

And when do you do your "Ring?" I hear from Mrs. Vivian that, on her way to choose a new brougham—"Our old one, I have been telling John for years, looks as if poor Noah had used it when he drove to the ark"—she saw Minnie and "that horrible Mrs. Potters (who only goes because she thinks it the right thing to do) tearing hot and hatless down Long Acre." Mrs. Vivian may be correct as to Mrs. Potters' reason for hearing Wagner, but I resent the general imputation that

this or that in art or letters is liked because it is the Fashion. How are we to like that which we do not know? That mysterious influence, the Fashion, hawks ware, pedlar-wise, to and fro. Autolycus was a rogue, but as a distributor of "lawn" and "cyprus," "bugle-bracelet," "necklace-amber," he was of use. And as a distributor, too, that folly, the Fashion, has its use and brings before our notice much that otherwise would bloom unknown.

You excite my curiosity when you speak mysteriously of feeling at the back of your head that you will see more of Mr. Shipley. Is the subtle sensation at the back of your head engendered, Dickory, by anything very tangible that you see before your eyes? Tell me. Thoughts can fly far while one is braiding St. Catherine's tresses. I can see Margaret married and living happily ever after. I believe in William Shipley, for he is beloved by Alice, and if a brother is beloved by his sister, he is not perhaps more wholly bad than you are yourself. And having excited my interest, don't, man-like, relapse into eternal silence on the subject, but tell me all about it, as is your bounden duty. Do not only tell me what you think, but tell me what reasons you have for thinking what you think, so that with my feminine skill in such affairs, I may winnow the grain from the chaff of your premises. But, being a man, you are, of course, very much more communicative, a thousand times less discreet, when you talk than when you write. Being a man, you go in much greater fear of committing yourself upon paper than by word of mouth. And with me, as I am a woman, it is just the other way. And how, if you don't dispute them, do you account for these facts? It is that the written word remains to rise up and testify, and the waves set in motion by the spoken word are not apparent to our senses,

and so the discreet creature—man—speaks, and the indiscreet creature—woman—writes?

This old reason, new to me, for objecting to the hiding of foreheads by fringes of hair, I send to Margaret: "John Rows of Warwick reproached beaux of his time for suffering their long hair to cover their foreheads on which they had been marked with the Sign of the Cross at their baptism." The book which tells me this, tells me, too, that Henry V., when, as Prince of Wales, he "waited upon his father in order to make his peace, was dressed in a mantle or gown of blue satin full of small eyelet-holes, with a needle hanging by a silk thread at every hole." Very convenient this, if the wearer or his friends wished to darn a rent.

Your observation on the thunder-god of the past and the Iahvé-Pignouf of the present, reminds me of De Quincey, "As is the God of any nation such will be that nation;" and so the God of feudal times was "the great Suzerain to whom even kings pay homage." As the world grows more merciful, I suppose, it follows that a fuller and fuller measure of mercy will be ascribed to the Deity. The qualities that human nature admires are those with which it invests what it worships. Poor human nature does its best.

Nor is it possible to thought
A greater than itself to know.

Cynthia is, I think, distressed. After hearing (from Laura, not from me) that Harry was keen to go to Egypt, she took refuge in her own room. I was afraid of worrying her, but yet, as she had not reappeared when the Aberdonian waiter (whose attitude the other evening so perfectly illustrates the Persian poem) banged down a great iron tea-tray upon the "parlor" table, I went in search of her. She was

standing gazing forlornly out of the window, with a damp cobweb of a pocket-handkerchief in her hand. Then and there I determined to write to Harry, but half an hour after there came a belated letter that the witch-like old post-mistress had till then ignored. The belated letter was from Harry. "The Rajah will have told you of my plans," he says. (You have not, atrocious Rajah, told me of his plans definitely.) "I'm off to-morrow," he goes on, "and hope it won't be a case of getting there the day after the fair." Then a post-script bids me tell Cynthia that Trelawney fattens and flourishes and deigns to accept Margaret as a slave. So now I incline to think I had best not write to Harry. If he is to go, or rather if he has gone, doubts as to the wisdom of his going will but unsettle him. What do you think? Write me a leader on the subject. How I wish he were safely home again! Till he is safely home again (I am touching wood as I write) I shall be for ever imagining ill. I do think, for women who have leisure to sit and think, the lively fancy that pictures disaster with a vividness that outvies in vividness the actual, is an engine of torture that the Inquisition need not have despised.

I heard from Enticknap yesterday that poor old Merlin had passed away. I wish it had not been in the absence of his family that the dear old dog breathed his last. Enticknap had a great opinion of the dog, as he has of everything that he counts ours, and was solicitous about him according to his lights. When once I inquired why in the world a large potato was pierced with a string and tied to Merlin's collar, Enticknap confessed that they did say a potato carried in the pocket would get the rheumatism out of the bones, and as the old dog had no pocket there was no saying but what the

tying it to his collar might serve. (The potato cure for rheumatism is an old Devon superstition. It is supposed that, as the potato softens, the rheumatism lessens. The potato should by rights be placed in the patient's pocket by a member of the opposite sex and unobserved.) Poor old Merlin! The death of a faithful, affectionate, dumb thing hurts surprisingly. I like Carlyle upon the death of Nero: "Little dim white speck of Life, of Love, Fidelity and Feeling, girdled by the Darkness as of Night Eternal." And he could not have believed, he says, that his grief would have been the twentieth part of what it was. I was reading, too, the other day, what Horace Walpole wrote on the death of Madame du Deffand's Tonton. A tenderness for animals was one of Horace Walpole's redeeming points. Enticknap tells me that he has laid old Merlin under the grass on the lawn near the filbert trees. I wish I could persuade you to write Merlin's epitaph. Almost the last verse that my father wrote was an epitaph in Latin on the first Merlin, this Merlin's father. Write something on this dear old dog. I wish I could have seen him again.

We are passing through such a lovely day. Why don't you conquer distance, span space, and come and take a walk? Or, if you are lazily inclined, you would find the knoll above the river, where a knot of rugged old pines give shade, and gray rocks padded with wild thyme supply seats, a far and away pleasanter resting-place than a lifeless club. Carpets and curtains strike one as lifeless when contemplated from the site of reeds and trees. I should like to see the wind raising the carpets and tossing the curtains of the "East Indian," but then I suppose some old clubite would ring passionately for the waiter to close doors and windows. Crash! Here is that "gran

sound," the thunder of Mr. McPhail's dinner-gong, again, and either there will be no walk for me or no dinner. The "gran sound" is too much for Blair and Atholl's nerves, as it is too much for mine. Poor fellows, they flutter from side to side of their cage in wild alarm. Blair and Atholl are not a thousand miles away now from the place from which they take their names. Did you know, that of old Atholl was famous for witches? Two thousand and three hundred of these persons of greater skill than probity were, in the year of grace 1597, drawn up together upon an Atholl hill.

Farewell. I break off to consume mutton.

Your loving sister,
Elizabeth.

P.S.—Is mutton bracing? Send your next letter to The Thistle Hotel, Princes Street.

(Enclosed in Letter XXIX. Posted at Stirling.)

After Ossian.

We went. In the hands of the Camelry was the immense dressing-bag of Laura. Filled with everything needless is the immense dressing-bag of Laura. In the thoughts of Laura was the awful fear of enervation. She waked her own sad tale at every step.

I met railway porters in fight. I took the tickets. I alone of all the Etchinghams took the tickets. I felt the strength of my soul.

Stately are Laura's steps in enervation. Stately is Laura on the platforms of railway stations. In her hands are no parcels. The Camelry is broken down with parcels. Many are the parcels of the Camelry. Many and immense.

O! wonderful is the enervation of Laura. Wonderful are her fusses and fidgets. Often have I heard that no

woman can fuss and fidget as Laura can.

The traveller shrinks in the midst of her journey. She shrinks from a fellow traveller who eats jam sandwiches. Horror possesses her soul. Horror possesses the soul of Laura.

Fat was the man from Glasgow who ate jam sandwiches. Fat and heated and red. Exulting in the strength of his appetite. O ye ghosts of heroes dead! behold Laura boxed up in a railway carriage with a fat man eating jam sandwiches. We looked, we wondered. Laura shrank.

XXX.

From Miss Margaret Etchingham,
Hans Place, to Miss Elizabeth Etchingham, Edinburgh.

Dearest Aunt Elizabeth,—I warn you that this letter is going to be about the Ring, and the Ring only. What else can I write about when the last week has been full of nothing else? So there. It is a most curious experience to have seen that wondrous work here. In Dresden, three years ago, it seemed quite a part of one's life there; but it is different here in the midst of London turmoil and traffic. One felt a little mad, starting off at four o'clock in one's evening clothes to be thrilled by Siegfried and Brünnhilde. And we were thrilled! I must allow that we were all a little damped the first day by "Das Rheingold." It depends so much less on dramatic interest than the other parts, that you want the orchestra and scenery to be perfect. Now this orchestra might be good enough for the common run of operas, though they would not think so at Dresden or Munich. But it seemed sadly rough and coarse for the magically delicate Rhine music. Then, there were all sorts of little mishaps—and not all very little—in the stage arrangements. The singers were good,

and struggled bravely not to be put out. It must have been even worse for them than for us, when a large, agitated carpenter was seen crossing the stage, instead of the expected Wotan. Poor old Wotan, he had enough to put up with besides having his entrance spoiled.

Two days later we set out undaunted for "Die Walküre," and we were much better pleased. It was something of a wrench when we bustled out after the first act, speechless and overwrought from the wonderful love-duet of Siegmund and Sieglinde—to get our dinner. Isn't it a wonderful thing? You know the music in concerts. But dining between the acts is a good plan; it enables one to bear up under the emotion ever so much better. It was quaint to see the lovely ladies in opera cloaks and diamonds tripping down Long Acre in the sunlight—but every one took it as a matter of course. We found that the orchestra had pulled itself together, and the staging was at least decent, and we could give ourselves up to the splendor of the music.

We were all in love with Fräulein Ternina; she is a splendid, quite superhuman Brünnhilde. We couldn't make up our minds whether we were more impressed by the dignity of her warning to Siegmund in the second act, or the pathos of her appeal to Wotan at the end, which was quite unutterable and upsetting. I don't mean that she couldn't utter it, because of course she did, but we couldn't speak of it.

Our third night—"Siegfried"—was the most delightful of all; it is like a happy enchantment. One seems to feel the wind and the sunshine every time when Siegfried blows his horn. We had a good young Siegfried, and he did not put on an aggressively childish manner, as some singers do. He was more than sufficient to cope with the Worm—for it was a very poor, lumbering reptile.

I have a difference with the rest of the party. They won't allow that Mime is a charming person. The cleverness of the way in which the music fits his odious character without being unmusical, is to me particularly pleasing; but I wonder why Siegfried did not kill him much sooner, or set the bear at him. I know I should have done something to him. But what a glorious height of joy the last act rises to after Brünnhilde's awakening! It is a thing to make one dizzy. Some people still say there are no tunes in Wagner. I suppose they do it merely to annoy—somebody always does. Did not people once complain that there was no tune in Beethoven?

As for the "*Götterdämmerung*," it left us very weak and crushed, even the strongest of us. But the music is full of beauties, and *Ternina* and the *De Reszkes* were superb. It feels too flat and stale to go about ordering dinner when one's inner self is walking with those heroes in bearskins (though I must admit that *Hagen's* vassals are a poor stagy crowd in London), and *Siegfried's* horn still rings in one's ears.

Father got more and more excited about it, and wanted to hear fuller accounts as it went on. I am sure he will take us to Bayreuth next year. He said we must all come here to supper to be restored after the "*Götterdämmerung*," and we had a very pleasant party, though we were all rather grave. I wish you could have been with us, and I wish you were here now to play over some of the music. Instead of which, dinner has to be ordered. O dear, I wish it was all to come over again. Uncle Harry is somewhere in the Mediterranean by this time. I believe he is not allowed to tell anybody what his orders are. All he would say was: "I wanted to take out Trelawney as a Sudanese orderly, and they won't let me." Trelawney

feels rather flat, too. He is attached to us all, but no one can make him purr like Uncle Harry. Good-bye, dear Aunt Elizabeth. Mrs. Baker is here for orders.

Margaret.

XXXI.

From Sir Richard Etchingham, Hans Place, to Miss Elizabeth Etchingham, Edinburgh.

My dear Elizabeth,—You want facts about Harry: I can only tell you that he has gone to report himself at Cairo, but is to call at Malta, and spend some days there for some piece of technical work which either he will not be informed of himself till he is there, or he must not disclose. He has been there before.

You want evidence about my conjectures. Well, you know the distance from Hans Place to the Record Office, and Mr. Shipley of the Record Office has been here on several occasions when a busy man would have been quite justified in using the post, and Margaret has made no remark whatever. Also we have had an interesting little party to view the treasures of the Record Office under Mr. Shipley's guidance, and Margaret showed a much livelier curiosity about mediæval palæography than I should have expected. Did you ever see a good American say his prayers to Domesday Book? Of course they are quite right; it ought to be put to bed in state every day with a procession, like the Granth in the golden temple at Amritsar. I should like to call up one of William the Conqueror's Norman clerks and compare notes with him on our respective methods of working a revenue settlement. As far as I can make out from Shipley, they elaborated a language quite as technical as any of our Anglo-Indian slang, so technical indeed

that after about two centuries nobody understood it.

Hobbes of Malmesbury is another old fellow I should like to call up, and see how he would make our relations with native states in India fit into his doctrine of absolute, indivisible, inalienable sovereignty. But even in England, according to his principles, we have been living pretty comfortably in sheer anarchy for more than two hundred years. If Landor had known enough law, he might have made a pretty conversation of Hobbes and Selden, disagreeing widely, but with mutual respect. I hope your copy of *Leviathan* is a good one; the engraved title-page with the great artificial man made up of little men is too commonly in poor condition. There ought to be a cheap edition, not quite so cheap nor quite so unattractive as the "Universal Library" reprint, which, however, I was once glad enough to get from Bombay.

Those post-Shakespearian poets of yours (if Legrave will allow any one but himself to claim any interest in them) seem curiously like our modern minor poets, of whom one or another is always going to dethrone Tennyson, or Browning, or Swinburne, and never does. It is the same story of the generation after the heroes; much deserving work, much excellence in detail, very fine things here and there, but the "pride and ample pinion" that make the difference between great poetry and good verse-writing nowhere. So far as workmanship goes, the workmanship of our moderns is, I think, better and more even. Whether their conceits are less violent than Crashaw's or Vaughan's will be for the twentieth century to judge.

But music reigns alone here for the present. Margaret has written to you about the Ring. Now I am free to wish I could have been there too. Did the company add to her enjoyment?

Guess for yourself; you know as much as I do.

The only parting blessing I could think of to give Margaret on going to "Siegfried" was the clown's in "Anthony and Cleopatra," "I wish you all joy of the worm." According to her report, the English stage worm is a very shallow monster, so a critic might well continue in the clown's language, "This is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm." Other things seem to have been odd too. "Spoiling the ship for a ha'p'orth of tar" is an English proverb, but when a work of art is in hand, nobody in this country seems to realize the importance of that ha'p'orth of tar.

After the last night's performance we had the whole party to supper here, including one Crewe of the Chancery Bar, one of the remnant who love learning for its own sake. Charles has mentioned him to me as an unpractical person with no public spirit—meaning thereby, I suspect, ambition. He quotes chapter and verse from seventeenth century books to show that a lawyer ought to be musical. Shipley has made friends with him on the ground of legal antiquities. While they were discussing the various possible meanings of the Ring, Crewe turned upon Shipley and said, "You are the only person here who will see that the true moral of this trilogy is professional." "How do you mean?" "Why, Loge was the first amateur lawyer, and the gods were punished for taking his bad advice." "We all know such wicked advice must be bad," said Mrs. Newton, taking it, as might be expected, seriously, though she seemed happier than usual. "He says it was bad law as well as wicked," explained Shipley: "Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand thy meaning. Let us hear." "Perpend then," said Crewe. "Loge tells Wotan it is safe stealing to steal from a thief, and Wotan believes him. But that is dead against the first principles of ancient German law, which have been preserved in our law.

You may catch your thief red-handed if you can. If not, taking is keeping until the true owner comes to reclaim his goods, and Alberich had a better right to the treasure than Wotan, unless Wotan would retake it in the name of the Rhine-maidens." "But that was just what it did not suit him to do," I ventured to interpose. "Yes," continued Crewe, "but he ought to have known better, after giving an eye to purchase all the wisdom there was. Anyhow, putting his trust in Loge's thoroughly bad advice was his ruin." "Are you sure the point was settled so early?" said Shipley. Here Mrs. Newton called on him to take her away, and, indeed, it was pretty late.

An epitaph for Merlin, say you? Have not our masters, even Matthew Arnold and George Meredith, commemorated their dachshunds in verse? And who am I that I should botch where they have carved? One could wish that dogs lived longer, or that the long-lived animals were more interesting. A tortoise may be a good heirloom, but is not much of a companion. Even White of Selborne's interest in his old tortoise was more scientific than personal, I think.

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(To be continued.)

What do I think of Mona Lisa? Mona Lisa was not easy to make acquaintance with, and was apt to be alarming during the period of slight acquaintance. She had not many friends, but to the few she had she was adorable, always knowing everything in a quiet way, never in a fuss, never out of temper; one of the women who can be on terms of real friendship, no less, and nothing else, with a man. If she had been seriously angry with any one she would not have said much, but he would have found his plans crossed in some unexpected and particularly unpleasant way. I doubt whether she was often beloved (for the man had need of much daring and of the power to love heroically), or ever in love. If she had loved at all, it would have been so that the world must have heard of it. Other people, and Pater for all I know, may make her out quite different. I don't care if they do, and am not sure that I would take a contradiction from Leonardo himself.

Your loving brother,

Richard.

A DAUGHTER OF THE MUHAMMADANS.

A STUDY FROM THE LIFE.

Swift through the sky the vessel of the
Suras
Sails up the fields of ether like an
Angel;
Rich is the freight, O Vessel, that thou
bearest!
Womanly goodness;
All with which Nature halloweth her
daughters,
Tenderness, truth and purity and
meekness,

Piety, patience, faith and resignation,
Love and devotionet.
Ship of the Gods! How richly art thou
laden!
Proud of the charge, thou voyageest
rejoicing;
Clouds float around to honor thee, and
Evening
Lingers in Heaven.

The sunset hour had come as I
passed up the narrow track that skirted
the river-bank, with a mob of vil-

lagers at my heels,—old men who had seen many strange things in the wild days before the coming of the white men, dull peasants who seemed too stolid and stupid to have ever seen anything at all, and swaggering youngsters, grown learned in the mysteries of reading and writing, fresh from our schools, and prepared at a moment's notice to teach the wisest of the village elders the only proper manner in which an egg may be sucked. The rabble which every Malay village spews up nowadays when one chances to visit it, is always composed of these elements,—the old men, whose wisdom is their own, and of its kind deep and wide; the middle-aged tillers of the soil, who have no wisdom and desire none; the men of the younger generation, whose knowledge is borrowed and is extraordinarily imperfect of its kind.

The glaring Eastern sun, sinking to its rest, blazed full in my eyes, dazling me, and thus I saw but dimly the figure that crossed the path in front of me, heading for the running water on my right. Silhouetted blackly against the burning disc in the west, it appeared to be the form of a woman, bowed nearly double beneath the weight of a burden slung in a cloth across her back—a burden far too heavy for her strength. This, alas! is a sight only too common in Asiatic lands; for if man must idle, women must work as well as weep until at last the time comes for the long, long sleep, under the spear-blades of the *lâlang* and the love-grass, in some shady nook in the little peaceful village burial-ground. Therefore I took no special notice of the figure moving painfully athwart the sun-glare ahead of me, until my arm was violently seized by the headman who was walking just behind me.

"Have a care, *Tâan*," he cried. "Have a care. It is *Mfnah* and her

man. It is the sickness that is not good, the evil sickness. Go not nigh to her, *Tâan*, lest some evil thing befall."

The instinct of the white man always bids him promptly disregard every warning that a native may give to him, and act in a manner diametrically opposed to that which a native may advise. This propensity has added considerably to the figures that represent the European death-rate throughout Asia, and, incidentally, it has led to many of the acts of heroism that have won for Englishmen their Eastern empire. It has also set the native the hard task of deciding whether he is most astonished at the courage or the stupidity of the men who rule him. I have lived long enough among natives to know that there is generally a sound reason for any warnings that they may be moved to give; but Nature, as usual, was stronger than common-sense, so I shook my arm free from the headman's grip, and walked up to the figure in front of me.

It was, as I had seen, that of a woman bowed beneath a heavy burden—a woman still young, not ill-looking, and with the truest, most tenderly feminine eyes that I think I have ever chanced upon. I only noticed this later,—and perhaps a knowledge of her story helped then to quicken my perceptions,—but at the moment my attention was completely absorbed by the strange bundle which she bore. It was a shapeless thing wrapped in an old cloth, soiled and tattered and horribly stained, which was slung over the woman's left shoulder, across her breast, and under her right arm-pit. Out of the bundle, just above the base of the woman's own neck, there protruded a head which lolled backwards as she moved—gray white in color, hairless, sightless, featureless, formless, an object of horror and repulsion. Near her shoulders two stumps, armed

with ugly bosses at their tips, protruded from the bundle, motiveless limbs that swayed and gesticulated loosely; near her own hips two similar members hung down almost to the ground, dangling limply as the woman walked—limbs that showed gray in the evening light, and ended in five whitish patches where the toes should have been. It was a leper far gone in the disease whom the woman was carrying riverwards. She did not pause when I spoke to her, rather she seemed to quicken her pace, and presently she and her burden, the shapeless head and limbs of the latter bobbing impotently as the jolts shook them, disappeared down the shelving bank in the direction of the running water.

I stood still where she had left me, horrified at what I had seen,—for lepers, or indeed, deformed people of any kind, are remarkably rare among the healthy Malay villagers, and the unexpected encounter had shocked and sickened me. Of the men in the group behind me, some laughed, one or two uttered a few words of cheap jeer and taunt, every one of them turned aside to spit solemnly in token that some unclean thing had been at hand, and the headman, newly appointed and weighed upon by the sense of his responsibilities, whispered an apology in my ear.

"Thy pardon, *Tuan*," he said. "'Tis an ill-omened sight, and verily I crave thy forgiveness. It is not fitting that she should thus pass and repass athwart the track, walked in by such as thou art, bearing so unworthy a load. I hope that thou wilt pardon her and the village. Truly she is a bad woman thus to bring this shame upon our folk."

"Who is she?" I asked.

"She is a woman of this village,—one devoid of shame. And behold this day she hath smudged soot upon the faces of all our folk by thus wanton-

ly passing across thy path with her man, the leper, and presently I will upbraid her,—yea, verily, I will upbraid her with pungent words!"

"Is she also unclean?" I asked.

"No, *Tuan*, the evil sickness hath not fallen upon her—yet. But her man is sore stricken, and though we, who are of her blood, plead with her unceasingly, bidding her quit this man, as by Muhammad's law she hath the right now to do, she will by no means hearken to our words; for, *Tuan*, she is a woman of a hard and evil heart, very obstinate and headstrong."

He spoke quite simply the thought that was in his mind. In his eyes there was nothing of heroism, nothing of the glory of most tender womanhood, in the sight of this girl's self-sacrifice: to him and to his fellows her conduct was merely a piece of rank folly, the wanton whim of a woman deaf to the pleadings and persuasions of those who wished her well. He had even less sympathy with me when, regarding the matter from my own point of view, I spoke to him in her praise.

"Of a truth," I said, "this woman of thy village is greater than any of her kind of whom I have heard tell in all this land of Pahang. Thy village, O Penghulu, hath a right to be proud of this leper's wife. I charge thee say no word of reproach to her concerning the crossing of my path, and give her this—'tis but a small sum—and tell her that it is given in token of the honor in which I hold her."

This unexpected way of regarding a matter which had long been a topic of conversation in the village, was altogether unintelligible to the Malays about me; but most of them had long ago abandoned the task of trying to understand the strange motions of the European mind,—an endeavor which they had become convinced was hope-

less. Money, however, is a valuable and honorable commodity, and whatever else he may fail to appreciate, this is a matter well within the comprehension of the Malay of every class. Even in the minds of the simplest villagers, the possession of anything which is likely to bring in cash inspires something near akin to awe, and therefore my small gift had the effect of immediately drying up the undercurrent of taunts and jeers at the expense of Minah and her husband which had been audible among the headman's followers ever since the strange pair had come into view. Moreover, as I knew full well, the fact that I had spoken of her with words of praise, and had backed my remarks with silver, would do much to increase the importance of, and add to the consideration shown to, this brave wife by the people among whom she lived.

"Tell her also," I said, as I got into my boat to begin the journey down stream—"tell her also that if there be aught in which she standeth in need of my aid, now or hereafter, she hath but to come to me, or to send me word, and I will help her in her affliction according to the measure of my ability."

"*Túan!*" cried an assenting chorus of villagers, as my boat pushed out from the bank and my men seized their paddles for the homeward row. And thus ended my first encounter with Minah, the woman of the Muhammadans whom neither the threats of the village elders, the advice of her relations, the tears and entreaties of her sisters, nor the invitations of those who would have wed with her, had power to lure away from the side of the shapeless wreck of humanity whom she called husband.

Later, I made it my business to inquire from those who knew concerning this woman and her circumstances,

and all that I learned tended to increase the admiration which from the beginning I had felt for her.

Like all Malay women, she had been married when hardly more than a child to a man whom she had barely seen—to whom, prior to her wedding, she would not for her life have been guilty of the indecency of speaking a syllable. On a certain day she had been decked out in all the finery and gold ornaments that her people could borrow from their neighbors for many miles around, had been placed upon a dais side by side with the man she was to wed, and had remained there in an agony of cramped limbs and painful embarrassment while the village-folk—who represented all the world of which she had any knowledge—ate their fill of the rich viands set before them, and thereafter chanted discordantly many verses from the Kurán in sadly mispronounced Arabic. This terrible publicity, for one who had hitherto been kept in utter seclusion on the *pára*, or shelf-like upper apartment, of her father's house, almost deprived the dazed little girl of her faculties; and she had been too abjectly frightened even to cry, far less to lift her eyes from her scarlet finger-tips, on which the henna showed like blood-stains, to steal a glimpse of the man to whose tender mercies her parents were surrendering her.

Then, the wedding over with all its attendant ceremonies, for days she had been utterly miserable. She was horribly afraid of her new lord, terrified almost to death, like a little bird in the hand of its captor. To this poor child, not yet in her "teens," a man and a stranger was much what the ogre of the fairy tales is to the imagination of other little girls of about the same age in our nurseries at home,—a creature all-powerful, cruel, relentless, against whose monstrous strength her puny efforts at resistance could nought avail.

All women who are wives by contract, rather than by inclination, experience something of this agony of fear when first they find themselves at the mercy of a man; but for the girls of a Muhammadan population this instinctive dread of the husband has a tenfold force. During all the days of her life the woman of the Muhammadans has seen the power of the man undisputed and unchecked by the female members of his household; she has seen, perhaps, her own mother put away, after many years of faithfulness and love, because her charms have faded and her lord had grown weary of her; she has seen the married women about her cowed by a word, or even a look, from the man who holds in his hands an absolute right to dispose of his wife's destiny; she has watched the men eating their meals apart—alone, if no other member of the masculine sex chanced to be present,—because, forsooth, women are deemed to be unworthy to partake of food with their superiors; and as a result of all these things, the woman of the Muhammadans has learned to believe from her heart that, in truth, man is fashioned in a mould more honorable than that in which the paltry folk of her own sex are cast,—that he is indeed nobler, higher, greater in every way than woman; and thus, as she looks ever upwards at him, the man dazzles her, and fills her simple, trustful soul with fear and awe.

So poor little Minah had been frightened out of her wits by the bare thought of being handed over to a husband for his service and pleasure, and her gratitude to her man had been extravagant and passionate in its intensity when she found that he was unchangingly kind and tender to her. For Māmat, the man to whom this poor child had been so early mated, was a gentle, kind-hearted, tender-mannered fellow, a typical villager of the interior, lazy, indolent, and pleasure-lov-

ing, but courteous of manner, soft of speech and caressing by instinct as are so many folk of the kindly Malayan stock. He, too, perhaps, had been moved with pity for the wild-eyed little girl, who trembled when she addressed him in quavering monosyllables, and he found a new pleasure in soothing and petting her. And thus, little by little, his almost paternal feeling for his child-wife turned in due season to a man's strong love, and awoke in her breast a woman's passionate and enthusiastic devotion. So Māmat and Minah were happy for a space, although no children were born to them, and Minah fretted secretly, when the hut was still at night-time, for she knew that there was truth in what the women of the village whispered, saying that no wife might hope to hold the fickle heart of a man unless there were baby fingers to add their clutching grip to her own desperate but feeble graspings.

Two or three seasons had come and gone since the "Feast of the Becoming One" had joined Māmat and Minah together as man and wife. The rich yellow crop in the rice-field had been reaped laboriously ear by ear, and the good grain had been garnered. The ploughs had been set agoing once more across the dry meadows, and in the swamps the buffaloes had been made to dance clumsily by yelling, sweating men, until the soft earth had been kneaded into a quagmire. Then the planting had begun, and later all the village had marked with intense interest the growth and the development of the crop, till once more the time had arrived for the reaping, and again the ugly bark rice-stores were full to overflowing with fat yellow grain. Minah and Māmat had aided in the work of cultivation, and had watched Nature giving birth to her myriad offspring with unfailing regularity, and still no little feet pattered over the lath floor-

ing of their hut, no little voice made merry music in their compound. Māmat seemed to have become more melancholy than of old, and he frequently returned from the fields complaining of fever, and lay down to rest tired and depressed. Minah tended him carefully, with gentle loving hands, but she told herself that the day was drawing near which would bring the co-wife, who should bear sons to her husband, to oust her from Māmat's heart. Therefore, when her man was absent, she would weep furtively as she sat alone among the cooking-pots in the empty hut, and many were the vows of rich offerings to be devoted to the shrines of the local saints if only the joy of motherhood might be hers.

One afternoon Māmat came back to the hut, and, as was his wont,—for he was ever tender to his childless wife, and anxious to aid her in her work,—he fell to boiling water at the little mud fireplace at the back of the central living-room, where Minah was cooking the evening meal. While he was so engaged his masculine fingers touched the pot clumsily, causing it to tip off the iron tripod upon which it had been resting. The boiling water streamed over the fingers of his right hand, and Minah screamed shrilly in sympathy for the pain which she knew that he must be enduring; but Māmat looked up at her with wondering eyes.

"What ails thee, Little One?" he asked, without a trace of suffering in his voice.

"The water is boiling hot," cried Minah. "*Ya Allah!* How evil is my destiny that because, unlike other men, thou wouldst stoop to aid me in my work, so great a hurt hath befallen thee! O, Weh, Weh, my heart is very sad because this trouble hath come to thee. Let me bind thy fingers; see, here is oil and much rag, clean and soft."

"What ails thee, Little One?" Māmat

asked again, staring at her uncomprehendingly. "I have suffered no hurt. The water was cold. See, I am unharmed. Look at my finger—"

His voice faltered, then his speech broke off, trailing away into inarticulate sounds, while he sat staring stupidly, in mingled astonishment and fear, at his scalded hands. The little hut was reeking with the odor sent up by that peeling skin and flesh.

"What thing is this, Minah?" he asked presently in an awed whisper. "What thing is this, for in truth I felt no pain, and even now, though for certain the water is boiling, since my fingers are all a-frizzle, no pang hath come to me? What is it, Minah?"

Minah looked at the ugly hand her husband held out for her inspection, and she was as bewildered as he. "Perchance 'tis some magic that thou hast learned that maketh the fire powerless to harm thee," she said simply. Magic is too common and every-day a thing in the Malay peninsula for either Minah or Māmat to see anything extravagant in the idea. Māmat, indeed, felt rather flattered by the suggestion; but none the less he denied having had any dealings with the spirits, and for some weeks he thought little more about the discovery of his strange insensibility to pain. The sores on his hands, however, did not heal, and at length matters began to look serious, since he could no longer do his proper share of work in the fields. By Minah's advice the aid of a local medicine man of some repute was had recourse to, and for days the little house was noisy with the sound of old-world incantations, and redolent of heavy odors arising from the strange spices burning in the wizard's brazier. Māmat, too, went abroad with his hands stained all manner of unnatural hues, and was deprived of most of the few things which render his rice palatable to an up-country Malay.

For some weeks, as is the manner of his kind both in Europe and Asia, the medicine man struggled with the disease he half recognized, but lacked the courage to name; and when at length disguise was no longer possible, it was to Minah that he told the truth—told it with the crude and brutal bluntness which natives, and country-folk all over the world, keep for the breaking of ill tidings. He lay in wait for her by the little bathing-hut on the river-bank, where Minah was wont to fill the gourds with water for her house, and he began his tale at once, without preface or preparation.

"Sister, it is the evil sickness," he said. "Without doubt it is the sickness that is not good. For me, I can do nought to aid this man of thine; wherefore give me the money that is due to me, and suffer me to depart, for I also greatly fear to contract the evil. And, sister, it were well for thee to make shift to seek a divorce from Mamat speedily, as is permitted in such cases by the law, lest thou in like manner shouldst become afflicted with the sickness; for this evil is one that can in nowise be medicined, even if Petera Gôru himself were to take a hand in the charming away of the bad humor."

No one in Asia ever names leprosy. It is spoken of but rarely, and then by all manner of euphemisms, lest, hearing its name pronounced, it should seek out the speaker and abide with him for ever. But when the words "the evil sickness" sounded in her ears, Minah understood, with a violent shock of most complete comprehension; and, alas for frail human nature, her first thought was for herself, and it sent a throb of relief, almost of joy, pulsing through her. Her man was a leper! No woman would now be found to wed with him; no co-wife would come into her life to separate her from her husband; barren and childless though she be, the man she loved would be hers

for all his days, and no one would arise to dispute her right, her sole right, to love and tend and cherish him. The medicine man turned away, and walked slowly up the path by the river-bank counting the coppers in his hand, and she stood where he had left her, gazing after him, a prey to a number of conflicting emotions. Then a realization of the pity of it overwhelmed her,—a yearning, aching pity for the man she loved,—and in an agony of self-reproach she threw herself face downward on the ground, among the warm, damp grasses, and prayed passionately and inarticulately,—prayed to the Leprosy itself, as though it were a sentient being, entreating it, if indeed it must have a victim, to take her and to spare her husband. She had not been taught, as Christian women are, to turn to God in the hour of her despair; and though she breathed out prayer and plaint as she lay upon the damp earth and tore at the lush grass, her thoughts were never for a moment directed heavenwards. She was a woman of the Muhammadans, unskilled in letters, ignorant utterly of the teachings of her faith, and, like all her people, she was a Malay first, and a follower of the Prophet accidentally, and, as it were, by an afterthought. Therefore her cry was raised to the Demon of Leprosy, to the Spirits of Wind and Air, and to all manner of Unclean Creatures who should find no place in the mythology of a true believer. The old-world superstitions, the natural religion of the Malays before ever the Arab missionaries came to tamper with their simple paganism, always come uppermost in the native mind in time of stress or trouble, just as it is the natural man—the savage—that rises to the surface, through no matter what superimposed strata of conventionalism, in moments of strong emotion. But these things had power to help Minah but little, to comfort her not at all, and any

strength that she gained during that hour which she spent prone, in agony and alone, came to her from her own brave and tender heart,—that fountain of willing self-sacrifice and unutterable tenderness, the heart of a good and pure woman.

The evening sun was sinking redly when at last Minah gathered herself together, re-arranged her tumbled hair and crumpled garments with deft feminine fingers, and turned her face towards her home. The moon had risen, and was pouring down its floods of pure light, softening and etherealizing all upon which it shone, and penetrating the chinks of the wattled walls in little jets and splashes of brightness, when Minah, tenderly caressing the head of her husband, which lay pillowed on her breast, whispered in his ears the words which revealed to him the full measure of his calamity. No more awful message can come to any man than that which makes known to him that he has been stricken by leprosy, that foulest, most repulsive, and least merciful of all incurable diseases; and Mamat, as he listened to his wife's whispered speech, cowered and trembled in the semi-darkness of the hut, and now and again, as he rocked his body to and fro, to and fro restlessly, he gave vent to a low sob of concentrated pain very pitiful to hear. Leprosy has a strange power to blight a man utterly, to rob him alike of the health and the cleanliness of his body, and of the love which has made life sweet to him; for when the terror falls upon any one, even those who loved him best in the days when he was whole too often turn from him in loathing and fear. As slowly and with pain Mamat began to understand clearly, and understanding, to realize the full meaning of the words that fell from his wife's lips, he drew hurriedly away from her, despite her restraining hands, and sat huddled up in a corner of the hut, weeping the

hard, deep-drawn tears that come to a grown man in the hour of his trial, bringing no relief, but merely adding one pang more to the intensity of his suffering. Vaguely he told himself that since Minah must be filled with horror at his lightest touch, since she would now most surely leave him, as she had a right to do, he owed it to himself and to what little remnant of self-respect remained to him, that the first signal for withdrawal should be made by him. It would help to ease the path which she must tread, the path that was to lead her away from him for ever, if from the beginning he showed her plainly that he expected nothing but desertion,—that she was free to go, to leave him, that he was fully prepared for the words that should tell him of her intention, though for the moment they still remained unspoken. Therefore, though Minah drew near to him, he repulsed her gently, and retired yet farther into the depth of the shadows, saying warningly:—

"Have a care, lest thou also become infected with the evil."

Again Minah moved towards him, with arms outstretched as though to embrace him, and again he evaded her. A little moonbeam, struggling through the interstices of the wattled walls, fell full upon her face, and revealed to him her eyes dewy with tears and yearning upon him with a great love. The sight was so unexpected that it came to him with the violence of a blow, sending a strange thrill through all his ruined body, and tightening something that seemed to grip his heart, so that he panted for breath like one distressed with running.

"Have a care!" he cried again, but Minah took no heed of his warning.

"What care I?" she cried. "What care I? Thinkest thou that my love is so slight a thing that it will cleave to thee only in the days of thy prosperity? Am I like unto a woman of the town,

one who loveth only when all be well, and the silver dollars be many and bright? Am I such a one, who hath no care save only for herself? O Māmat, my man of mine! After these years that we have lived together in love dost thou know me so little, me thy wife, that thou thinkest that I will willingly leave thee because, forsooth, the evil spirits have caused this trouble to befall thee? Weh, I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, and in truth I cannot live without thee! Come to me, Weh, come to me." And again she held out her arms towards him, entreating him tenderly.

For long Māmat resisted, fighting against the temptation sturdily for the sake of the love that he bore her, but at length the longing for human sympathy and for comfort in his great affliction—a desire which, in time of trouble, a man feels as instinctively as does the little child that having come by some hurt runs to its mother to be petted in forgetfulness of the pain—proved too strong for him, and he sank down, sobbing unrestrainedly, with his head in Minah's lap, and her soft hands fondling and caressing him.

And thus it came about that Minah made the great sacrifice, which in a manner was to her no sacrifice, and her husband brought himself to accept what to him was more precious than anything upon earth.

Two or three years slid by after this, and as Minah watched her husband she marked the subtle changes of the disease to which he was a prey working their cruel will upon him. He had been far gone in the disease even before the medicine man had mustered courage to name it, and for many months after the discovery but little change was noticeable. Then, as is its wont, the leprosy, as though ashamed of such prolonged inactivity, took a stride forward, then halted again,

then advanced once more, but this time with more lagging feet, then came to a standstill for a space, then moved onward yet again. Thus, though the alterations wrought by the ravages of the disease were cruel and terrible, to Minah, who marked each change take place gradually, step by step, beneath her eyes, underlying the gray featureless face, in the blind eyesockets, the aimless swaying limbs that were now mere stumps, she saw as clearly of old the face, the glance, the gestures that had been those of her husband, and seeing this she loved this formless thing with the old passion of devotion and tenderness. He was utterly dependent on her now. Twice daily she bore him on her back down to the river's edge, and bathed him with infinite care. To her there seemed nothing remarkable in the act. She had done it for the first time one day long ago, when his feet were peculiarly sore and uncomfortable, had done it laughingly, half in jest, and he had laughed too, joining in her merriment. But now it was the only means of conveying him riverwards, and she carried him on her back unthinkingly, as a matter of course. In the same way she had come to dress and feed him, first half laughingly, before there was any real necessity for such help, but latterly his limbs had grown to be so useless that without her aid he would have gone naked and have died of starvation. Allah or the Spirits—Minah was never sure which of the twain had the larger share in the arrangements of her world—had not seen fit to send her a child in answer to her prayer, but she never lamented the fact now. Was not Māmat husband and child in one? And did she not empty all the stores of her love, both wifely and motherly, upon him, who needed her more sorely than a baby could have done, and loved her with the strength of a man and with the simplicity of a child? She

never knew fatigue when Mamat needed tending; she never knew sorrow when he was free from pain; she asked for no joy save that of being near him. All the womanliness in her nature, purified and intensified by her sad experience, rose up in the heart of this daughter of the Muhammadans, fortifying her in trial, blinding her to the nobility of her own self-sacrifice, obliterating utterly all thought of her own comfort, her own feelings and desires, filling her with a great content, and making the squalor of her life a thing most beautiful. Her only sorrow was that she was often forced to absent herself from the house in order to take the share in the field-work which, under happier circumstances, should have been performed by her husband; but the kindly villagers, who pitied her in their hearts, though they could not repress an occasional jeer at her eccentric devotion to a leper, lightened her tasks for her as much as was possible, so that she found her fields tilled, the crop weeded, and the precious rice grain stored, with so little labor on her part that the whole operation appeared to have been done, as it were, automatically. And thus Minah and her man spent many years of the life which even the Demon of Leprosy had been powerless to rob of all its sweetness.

It was some years after the white men had entered Pahang for the purpose of quieting that troubled land, that a new grief came to Minah, tightening her heart-strings with an anxiety hitherto undreamed of. Men whispered in the villages that the strange pale-faced folk who now ruled the land had many laws unknown to the old *râjas*, unhalloved by custom, not beautified by age or tradition, and that one of these provided for the segregation of lepers. At first Minah could not believe her ears when the village elders, mumbling their discontent concerning a thousand lying

rumors, spoke also of this measure, which, so men said, was very shortly to become law in the State of Pahang. What? Separate her from her man? Tear him away from her, leaving her desolate and utterly alone, while he, having none to tend him, would die miserably, crying vainly for her in the tones that none but she could now interpret? An agony of consternation racked her at the picture which the words of the village elders conjured up. She was wellnigh distraught with fear, but in her heart was also a wild desire to fight to the death to save her man from this bitter wrong, to fight as does the tigress in defence of her little ones.

Minah managed with some difficulty to persuade and bribe an old crone to tend Mamat for a day or two. Then she set off for Kuala Lipis, the town at which the white men, she had heard men say, had their headquarters. Until she started upon this journey she had never left her own village, and to her the twenty odd miles of river that separated her home from the town were a road of wonder through an undiscovered country. The ordered streets of the town; the brick buildings, in which the Chinese traders had their shops; the lamp-posts; the native policemen standing at the corners of the road—shameless folk, who wore trousers but no protecting *sârong*; the vast block of Government offices, for to her this far-from-imposing pile seemed a stupendous piece of architecture; the made road, smooth and metalled,—the wonder and the strangeness of it all dazed and frightened her. What could the white men, who had so many marvellous things, want with her poor man, the leper, that they should desire to take him from her? Ah, it was cruel, cruel, more merciless and wanton than any of the deeds of the old *râjas*, concerning which men still told grisly tales with bated breath!

She asked for me, since I had bade her come to me in trouble, and presently she made her way along the unfamiliar roads to the big house on the river-bank, round which the forest clustered so closely in the beauty that no hand was suffered to destroy. She sat upon the matting on my study floor, awed at the strangeness of it all, looking at me plaintively out of those great eyes of hers, and weeping furtively. She had the simple faith of one who has lived all his days in the same spot, whither few strangers go, where each man knows his neighbor and his neighbor's affairs. It never occurred to her that her words might need explanation or preface of any kind, in order that they might be rendered intelligible, and as she looked at me, she sobbed out her prayer, "O suffer me to keep my man and my children, O suffer them not to be taken from me! Allah, *Túan*, suffer me to keep my man and my children!"

I knew, of course, that she spoke of her "man and her children" simply for the sake of decorum, since it is coarse and indecent, in the eyes of an up-country woman, to speak of her husband alone, even though she be childless; but for the moment I supposed that she was the wife of some man accused of a crime, who had come to me seeking the aid I had not the power to give.

"What has thy man done?" I asked.

"Done, *Túan*? What could he do, seeing that he is as one dead? Unless one lifted him he could not move. But suffer him not to be taken from me. He is all I have, all I have, and in truth I cannot live without him. I shall die. *Túan*, I shall die, if thou dost suffer this thing to come to pass."

Then suddenly the mist obscuring my memory rolled away, and I saw the face of the woman, as I had seen it once before, straining under a terrible

burden on the banks of the Jelai river, with the red sky and the dark green of the foliage making a background against which it stood revealed. Then at last I understood, and the sight of this woman's distress moved me strangely.

"Have no fear, sister," I said. "Thy man shall not be taken from thee if I can do aught to prevent it. Who is it that seeks to separate thee from him?"

"Men say that it is an order." To the Oriental an order is a kind of impersonal monster, invincible and impartial, a creature that respects no man and is cruel to all alike.

"Have no fear," I said. "It is true that I have bidden the headman of the villages report as to the number of those afflicted by the evil sickness, but in this land of Pahang the number is very small, the infection does not spread, and therefore, sister, have no fear, hearken to my words, the Government hath no desire to separate thee from thy man. Return in peace to thy home, and put all fear away, and if aught cometh to trouble thee, I am at hand to listen to thy plaint."

The lives of all of us, we men whom Fate has exiled to the uttermost ends of the earth, hold many days in which Discontent, born of an aching longing for all the things from which we are severed, and the Despair that the question *Cui Bono? Cui Bono?* brings to life, play at battledore and shuttlecock with our tired hearts. They are evil days, weary and dark, and we fight through them as best we can, we who are blessed with stamina, while they cram our churchyards with the bones of those amongst us who are fashioned too delicately for such rough handling. These dark hours of the exile are a trial which can never be appreciated by any one who has not himself been subjected to the cruel strain. They crush the spirit from out the heart, and

make life for the moment an empty thing and vain. At such times I like to seek comfort in the recollection of the few brown faces into which some word or action of mine has brought the light that otherwise had not been kindled; and it is then that Minah's face rises before my mind's eye, her features transformed by an ecstasy of relief, her great soft eyes dewy with unshed tears, her lips trying vainly to speak the words of gratitude which the strength and violence of her emotions will not suffer her to utter. I had done nothing for her? True, but to her it seemed as though I had given her back all the joy of life, had turned her world from sombre indigo to gorgeous rose-color in the space of a moment. I had done nothing truly; but it is something to have been the means of bringing a look such as that to the face of a good woman. In the memory I find compensation for much, nor care greatly if

some there be to whom such a feeling may appear ridiculous.

So Minah returned to her home with joy in her heart and that glad look upon her face; and in that secluded up-country village, not twenty miles from the place where I sit writing these lines, she still toils unceasingly, tending the wrecked creature, that is still to her the man she loves, with unfailing tenderness and care. Men say that he can live but a few months longer, and it wrings my heart to think of what the loss will be to Minah when, to use the Malayan idiom, "the order comes" to her man. In that hour of utter desolation and profound loneliness no human voice will have the power to bring that beautiful look of gladness back to Minah's eyes; and of a Divine Voice this daughter of the Muhammadans, in spite of her pure soul and her brave heart, has no knowledge from which to seek consolation.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Hugh Clifford.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

There was intoxication in the air:

The wind, keen blowing from across the seas,

O'er leagues of new-ploughed lands and heathery leas,

Smelt of wild gorse whose gold flamed everywhere.

An undertone of song pulsed far and near,

The soaring larks filled heaven with ecstasies,

And, like a living clock among the trees,

The shouting cuckoo struck the time of year.

For now the Sun had found the earth once more,

And woke the Sleeping Beauty with a kiss;

Who thrilled with light of love in every pore,

Opened her flower-blue eyes, and looked in his;

Then all things felt life fluttering in their core—

The world shook mystical in lambent bliss.

Mathilde Blind.

BURROWING BIRDS.

The "walking fish" now to be seen in the tortoise-house at the "Zoo" are the most recent instance shown in London of a striking anomaly in Nature. But it may be doubted whether the preference of these odd little fish for walking with their fins rather than for swimming is stranger than the habit which some birds have acquired of burrowing in the earth instead of building nests on which they can alight from the free regions of the air. If wingless birds, unable to place their nest, or gain security for their sitting mate and her brood, on trees or precipices, took to burrowing in the earth, they would be considered to be making an intelligent effort at self-preservation. But the burrowing birds are mainly species remarkable for their power of flight, and could choose any site they preferred to nest on. Even the puffins can fly away to the Mediterranean every year, and the kingfisher and sheldrake are both remarkable, the one for the velocity, the other for the sustained power, of its travel through the air. Sand-martins, the smallest of our swallows, and the stormy petrels, the tiniest of web-footed birds, both choose to toil at mining the earth for a nesting place, though both belong to families famous for flight both over land and sea, and neither has the slightest special equipment for such arduous labor. Other petrels, true ocean birds, and independent, except at nesting time, of any element but air and sea, burrow in the earth by choice when the single egg is to be laid. It is not even a successful device. The capped petrel, now believed to be extinct, was killed off in its only breeding places, the islands of Guadaloupe and Dominica, largely because it did burrow, and so was easily caught both by men and small carnivorous animals.

Yet the zeal with which such tiny birds as the petrels or sand-martins work at their tunnels, shows that they believe them to be a necessity for success in life. Early last spring a freshly arrived party of sand-martins reached the mouth of the river Otter, in Devonshire, almost at the beginning of April, and at once selected a bank, just over the stream, for an experiment in burrowing. The little birds were almost as tame as bees; possibly they were all young birds of the past year, and in the solitudes of Libya had not yet learnt any fear of man between the days of their leaving and returning to the banks of the Otter. They clustered and fluttered like brown moths against the red earth, and competed for "claims" with gentle rivalry. Though they could hardly have recovered from the fatigue of their flight from Africa, their first thought was to select a site for this abnormal and unnecessary labor of excavation.

The stormy petrels nest just above the Atlantic surge on the islets near Iona, and the Hebrides. There above the rock on certain islands is a black, buttery soil, in which they burrow like little winged mice, and on a nest of sea-pink lay one white egg. As this desertion of the regions of light and air by birds is something outside the natural course of their lives, it leads to various odd and unexpected social complications and domestic problems. Among the latter is a serious one, the difficulty of keeping the underground house clean or moderately cool. It is usually very hot. Sand-martins, for instance, do not attempt to ventilate their burrows as rabbits and rats do, neither do kingfishers nor the stormy petrels when they make their own burrows, and do not creep into chinks between piles of

stones or rocks. Evidence of the high temperature of this "hot chamber" where the young petrels are hatched is seen in a very pretty popular belief in the Outer Hebrides. The people say that they hatch their eggs, not by sitting on them, but by sitting *near* them, at a distance of six inches, between them and the opening of the burrow. Then the petrels turn their heads towards the eggs, and "coo" at them day and night, and so "hatch them with their song." This, which sounds like a fable of the East Atlantic islands, has really a basis in fact. Mr. Davenport Graham says that the account is "very correct; though I never heard the cooing noise by day, I often did in the evening. It is rather a purring noise. When its nest is opened up, the bird is usually found cowering a few inches away from its egg." This hot and stuffy atmosphere may aid the hatching of the eggs; but there is no doubt that it brings into being other and very undesirable forms of life. The nests and burrows of sand-martins are full of most unpleasant insects, and those of the king-fisher are nearly as bad. The sheldrake and puffins, which take possession of old rabbit-holes, live far better in their burrowed quarters. The latter sometimes excavate burrows for themselves, sometimes nest in hollows of the rocks, and sometimes in rabbit-holes. The former we incline to think always use the burrow of some other creature, usually that of a rabbit in a sand-hill. Sand-hill rabbits are the healthiest of their race, and the young "burrow-ducks" which succeed them have a dry, comfortable, and well-ventilated house in which to make their start in life. It is generally believed that the bird takes the young away as soon as they are hatched. If so, she follows the example of most other ducks, whose ducklings "run" as soon as their down has dried. But a visitor to the Sandringham estate, before it

was purchased for the Prince of Wales, informed the late Mr. H. Stevenson that the keeper had shown him a burrow from which an entire brood of young sheldrakes would come out to be fed when he whistled, and disappear into the hole again after their meal.

Other evidence of the acquired nature of the burrowing habit among birds is seen in the case of some birds which show "occasional conformity," but are not always troglodytes at nesting time. Stock-doves usually nest in rabbit-holes, or in holes in trees, or crevices of rock. But they will also lay their eggs in a simple hollow, in ivy, or on a wall. Even the sand-martins, which seem to take a real pleasure in their mining work, do not invariably nest in this way. On one of the chalk precipices of the Isle of Wight are a number of sand-martins' nests, built like those of the swallow, of little pellets of white, chalky earth, against the precipice. The writer has often watched these nests carefully, and can speak with certainty as to their species. They are sand-martins, and not house-martins, though a few of the latter also nest against the cliffs. This suggests the conclusion that the sand-martins *really* know how to build mud nests, and have not lost that knowledge, though probably there are very few places in this country where they make use of their ancient accomplishment. In the same way, most nuthatches excavate burrows in decaying trees; but there is a Syrian nuthatch which makes a mud nest, like a swallow, against a wall under a crevice, and adds a small tunnel of mud as a vestibule. As our nuthatches occasionally plaster up part of the entrance to their holes, the inference is that these too took to burrowing (in wood) later, and that somewhere in the back of their brains remains the knowledge of how to make a nest of masonry.

If the bad construction of the bur-

rows is due, as we surmise, to the modern diversion of birds' industry to this form of nest-making, the reluctance which many species show to doing the mining for themselves is additional evidence that the taste is of recent origin. No birds, except perhaps woodpeckers, wrynecks, and nuthatches, who burrow in wood, seem to take kindly to the business. Most ground-burrowing birds, if they possibly can, shirk the labor of making a burrow, and try to use, or to share, that of some more skilful miner. The result is a most nondescript system of "chummage," to use the language of the old debtors' prisons, in which the birds, strange to say, are always the intruders, and the beasts the householders on whom they billet themselves. The prairie owls are the best known of these uninvited guests; but though their case is probably the most interesting, it is by no means without parallel. These little owls are not incapable of digging a hole for themselves by any means. On the contrary, they are expert miners, scratching out the sand with their feet at a great rate. But where they can avoid it they never do this, preferring to live in the cave of indolence. On the pampas of Argentina this is always provided by the vizcacha. For some reason the vizcacha, though it had crossed the broad waters of the Parana, had not at the time of Darwin's visit succeeded in crossing the Uruguay River. North of this there were no vizcachas, but plenty of burrowing owls, which in the absence of the vizcachas formed burrows for themselves.

Vizcachas, being humble-minded and

The Spectator.

sociable creatures, are probably good neighbors. But on the other side of the Atlantic we find some of the meekest of little birds "chumming" themselves occasionally on the otters. In the islet of Soay, near Iona, were tunnelled dwellings inhabited by otters, sheldrakes, and stormy petrels. The outer and main galleries were those of the otters and the sheldrakes, while the petrels lived in little side burrows, not much larger than mouse-holes, leading from the larger tunnels. The otters' burrows were really well made, having a drainage system for carrying off water, circular and oval chambers for the otters to sleep in, and a rubbish-hole near the entrance, but on one side of the main burrow, as a dustbin for fish-bones and refuse. Sheldrakes, when they were common in Norfolk, seem to have been as importunate beggars of shelter in the rabbit-holes as the burrowing owls are in the vizcacha-burrows. Sir Thomas Browne called them "Bar-gunders" (burrow-gunders), "a noble-colored fowl which herd in coney-burrows about Norrold and other places." At Winterton they were very numerous, but "being supposed to disturb the rabbits," as many were killed as possible. Rabbits and sheldrakes seem anciently to have lived in the heaths and warrens of Norfolk in just the same partnership that vizcachas and burrowing owls do on the pampas. Though the sheldrakes are sea-duck, they came some distance inland, tempted by this offer of free lodgings for the spring. If Sir Thomas Browne's note is correct.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS.*

The fourth volume of the Verney Memoirs, written with such singular grace, patience, and historic sense by the present Lady Verney, extends from the Restoration to the very eve of the eighteenth century. Less occupied with tragic affairs of State than some of its predecessors, it is no whit behind-hand in all the qualities of domestic and sentimental interest. To say of a history that it is as interesting as a novel, is perhaps scant praise; but the truth is, that this intimate chronicle, drawn from the yellowing papers in a real archive room, of life once actually lived, reminds us of nothing so vividly as of the deliberate photographic presentment of a society removed from Sir Ralph Verney's by the space of a hundred years, which Jane Austen has left us in the pages of a half-a-dozen masterpieces. So close comes genius to nature, for the precise effect which in Jane Austen is due to art springs in the "Verney Memoirs" precisely from their artlessness, from the innocence, the complete absence of *arrière-pensée*, of the every-day letters and account books that furnish their material.

As in the Commonwealth, so at the Restoration, the centre of things at Steeple Claydon is Sir Ralph Verney, the old Parliament man, the son of the standard bearer who fell for Charles. Puritan by instinct and training, there must have been much in the new order of things which did not please Sir Ralph; but the reaction of manners and morals under Charles II. had but little effect on the country districts, and the revels and wantonings of Whitehall reach Steeple Claydon merely as echoes and distant gossip. Sir Ralph's numer-

ous London correspondents regale him occasionally with some anecdote of the times. Dr. Denton describes how

neighbour Digby did uppon a wager of £50 undertake to walk (not to run a step) 5 miles on Newmarket course in an houre, but he lost it by half a minute, but he had ye honor of good company, ye Kinge & all his nobles to attend & see him doe it stark naked (save for a loincloth) & barefoot;

and how

the Queen, for a joke, in a disguise rid behind one to Newport (I thinke Faire) neare Audley Inne to buy a paire of stockins for her sweet-hart; ye Dutchesse of Monmouth, Sr Bernard Gascolgne & others were her comrads.

More serious matter is sometimes the burden of these letters. Lady Hobart writes from her house in Chancery-lane, with the Great Fire of London blazing at Baynard's Castle within a few hundred yards of her:

Thar was never so sad a sight nor so dolefull a cry hard, my hart is not abell to express the tenth nay the thousandth part of it, thar is all the carts within ten miles round, & cars & drays run about night & dy, & thousens of men & women carrying burdens.

Sir Ralph is getting an old man, and the claims of his somewhat troublesome family take up much of his time; but he sits once more in Parliament, and gets black looks from My Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys for opposing him in Bucks politics, and in the end lives to see a second Revolution, and to join with the other county squires in welcoming in

* The Verney Memoirs. Vol. IV. Compiled by Margaret M. Verney. (Longmans.)

Dutch William. To the last of his days the resolute, self-confident, dictatorial, but, on the whole, kindly hearted man is master of his family and of his surroundings generally. Naturally, however, the sentimental interest slips away to another generation, and especially to the household of his eldest son, Edmund or "Mun" Verney, of whose philanderings with Mary Eure a former volume has told. Edmund Verney is not such a man as his father: an indolent, good-natured fellow, and but little a man of the world, for all his French polish, he grows fat and gouty for want of employment, while his estate dwindles and becomes burdened with debt through his shiftlessness and ill-management. There is a sadder tragedy than this in his life. He marries Mary Abell, heiress of the White House at East Claydon, whose lands march with his father's. Soon after her marriage the poor lady becomes moody and hysterical. "Zelotypia," writes Dr. Denton, "is gott into her pericranium, & I doe not know what will gett it out." She quarrels with those about her, becomes slovenly in her manners and indecorous in her speech. "She gos out with her mayd to Linesondend Chapell. They goo so lick tramps, so durty 'tis a sham to see them." She thinks herself bewitched, and accuses Lady Hobart of having an evil eye. "Ephsome waters," then coming into fashion, are prescribed, and presently she is better, and is working "a dimity bed in gren cruells." There are three children, and then the cloud comes upon Mary Verney and her house again. She lives many years, outlives her husband and all her children, and dies at last, as the parish books recall, in the seventy-fourth year of her age. "She was the Relict of Edmund Vernay, Esq. . . . who for several years, xxx, was very Melancholy, during her husband's life . . . & continued soe 27 years after

his decease, Lady of this Manor; and notwithstanding her lunacy shee was a Woman of Extraordinary Goodness, Piety & Devotion."

An interesting chapter is made up of the letters between Edmund Verney and his younger son, also an Edmund, during the lad's days as a fellow-commoner at Trinity College, Oxford. He starts off gaily with his "new sylver-hilted sword, his new striped Morning gown," and his "6 new laced Bands, whereof one is of Point de Lorraine." But, as is not unknown among modern under-graduates, he soon finds that his costume is not quite in the latest mode.

Most Honoured Father,—I want a Hatt, and a payre of Fringed Gloves very much, and I Desire you to send them me if you can possibly before Sunday next, for as I Come from Church everybody gazeth upon me and asketh who I am. This I was Told by a friend of Myne, who was asked by Two or Three who I was.

He gets his hat, and doubtless his fringed gloves, and a silver seal engraved with his arms into the bargain. Presently he bespeaks a new table and cane chairs, and the father, as fathers will, turns restive.

I Do not understand why you should Bee at that unnecessary Charge, as long as you Have that wch. will serve yr turne, neither Do I like the Vanity. You do not tell me whether you are matriculated yet or noe, and I am impatient till I know Thats done. You say you want money, whc. I will supply you with very shortly, but not to Lay out in Vaine moveables, and so God blesse you.

The undergraduate's elder brother dies, and he becomes the heir, and pious letters, formal of phraseology, but breathing of tenderness beneath, pass between father and son. Presently the

lad distinguishes himself in his studies and is to speak verses in the theatre; but there is a fear lest the small-pox, which is in the college, may prevent him. The father writes:

Child,—I pray when you speak in the Theatre doe not speak like a mouse in a chees for that will be a great shame instead of an honour, but speak out your words boldly and distinctly and with a grave confidence, and be sure to articulate your words out of yr mouth Soe that every body may heare them playnly.

The next letter contains even more amusing and equally sound advice:

Child,—I heard that the players are gon down to Oxford, but I am unwilling that you should go to see them act, for fear on your coming out of the hot play house into the cold ayer, you should catch harm, for as I did once coming out of the Theatre at a publick Act when it was very full and staming hot, and walkin a Broad in the cold, and gave me sutch a cold that it had Lik't to a cost me my Life. Your best way in Sutch a cold is to go hom to your own Chamber directly from the play house, and drink a glass of Sack, therefour Be sure you send your Servant At your hand for a bottle of the Best Canary and Keep it in your chamber for that purpose. Be sure you drink no Kooleing tankord nor no Cooling drinks what so ever . . . harkon Thou unto the voyce & Advise of mee thy ffather, Loving Thee better than him selfe.

Edmund Verney.

After all, the verses do not get spoken, for Bishop Fell—the hero of the famous lines

I do not like you, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell, &c.—

dies, and Act, or Commemoration, as it is now called, is put off. In the autumn

the scholar gets into trouble. His tutor writes that he comes not to afternoon lecture, and will give no reasons. Still worse, he “lay out of the College on Wednesday night last.” In fact, it is clear that the authorities were reluctantly going to send him down, when the small-pox breaks out again, the whole college is dismissed, and Mr. Verney’s particular matter blows over. He goes up again with his father’s advice to avoid “Damed Company,” gets his accounts into disorder, strains his arm wrestling, buys “a Cravat Ribbon of any modest color,” wants to learn “Chymistry” (which his father confuses with alchemy), does learn to fence and exercise the pike and musket, and forgets to send home the desired news of Magdalen College, then, in the days of James the Second’s persecution, the cynosure of every political eye. The happy, careless life, so little different in essentials from the undergraduate life of our own day, comes to a sad and sudden end. The elder Edmund dies suddenly in his sleep. His estate is in disorder, and the tale of his debts draws words of unusual bitterness from the austere and mortified Sir Ralph:

I finde yr Brother died very much in debt [Sir Ralph writes again to John], but as yet I cannot say how much, therefore in my opinion it will be the best way to bury him privately in the night-time, without Escutcheons, or inviting of Neighbours to attend with their Coaches, which is very troublesome & signifies nothing.

The younger Edmund comes home to take up the burden of his inheritance, but in less than two years he, too, is dead of a fever caught in town. And so old Sir Ralph has outlived two generations of those who should have been his heirs when the day comes for him who so long has been the mainstay and prop of his family and his country to

receive his own quietus. He has left orders for a very private burial, but they hang with black "the entry from the Hall door to the Spicery door, and the best Court Porch, likewise the Brick Parlor from top to bottom," and "the rooms looked very handsomely, though the Heavens wept with all his relations at the funeral."

The Academy.

So ends one of the books fullest of humanity and entertainment with which we are acquainted. We trust that the good old Verney habit of keeping private letters did not end with the seventeenth century, and that Lady Verney will some day trace for us the fortunes of this typical English family through yet another age.

THE HUMORS OF SCHOOL INSPECTION.

Answers given at examinations, from the universities downwards, have from time immemorial proved a prolific source of amusement to outsiders, though in those more immediately concerned with them—examiner and examinee—their discovery and disclosure has rather awakened feelings of amazement and dismay. We have often felt, however, that many of what would really have been most amusing answers have been specially concocted for the occasion. We believe the slang term would be that they are "falsed" answers. The reminiscences we propose to give within the limits of a brief article can, however, be vouched for as authentic, and, with a few exceptions, as being personal experiences in the inspection of public elementary schools. We should like, by way of preface, to intimate that the wildest and most startling answers came invariably from girls. We used to be taught by a celebrated head-master of a public school—now dean of a cathedral—that what a boy was, so pretty much would the man be. This dictum would, we apprehend, hold good of a girl and a woman. If so, our examination experiences would indicate that of the two—boys and girls—girls, and therefore women, are the more reckless and impulsive, and, if driven into a corner, wellnigh

desperate. We should perhaps further add that our first sphere of operations lay in the suburbs of London, which will to a great degree account for the topical character of the first of the absurdities we proceed to chronicle.

We were examining a fourth standard in grammar, and endeavoring to ascertain their knowledge of English conjunctions in general use—part of the curriculum prescribed. In the usual course came the answers "and" and "but." Then there was some hesitation over such remaining conjunctions as "either," "or," and "neither," "nor," and we pressed strongly for further information, when we were met from the lips of a little girl with the simply appalling answer of "Clapham Junction!" The school was close by that railway labyrinth.

On another occasion, we were examining a third standard (girls) in the geography of the British Isles. We were going through the English lakes, and had elicited, or "*illicited*," as some pupil teachers will have it in their notes of lessons, the well-known list of Windermere, Derwentwater, Ulleswater, Wastwater, and so on. But we finished up with "*Bayswater*," the topical temptation proving too much for a London child.

Add to these the local attitude of a

boy who, on being asked what he knew of St. Paul's Cathedral, replied that it was "near the Meat Market."

The so-called "composition," or little essay on a given subject, prescribed for the sixth standard, proved invariably a fruitful field for original and amusing ideas. We have by us a few specimens of such "compositions," which have survived the lapse of years. On the subject given—the difference between town and country life—one original youth observes that "country people are very simple, and are held in contempt by the higher class of Londoners. London people are rarely so healthy as countrymen, but it is not thought genteel if a person has a red face."

In a "composition" on coal occurs this passage: "Coal is the heat of the sun bottled up in the trees; the trees have fallen down, and stand in the earth. There is a lot of gunpowder in coal." On the subject "What profession would you choose?" I read again, "I have a strong desire to become a teacher. The hours are easy and the work light, and you can go into any society and company. You get acquainted with Government inspectors." That boy should have been marked "failed" for obsequious flattery.

In marked contrast with the foregoing is this composition exercise, written by a boy of twelve years of age, the subject, "The History of a Table," being given him by a sub-inspector who stood over him while he wrote the essay: "I am not a time-table or a multiplication-table. I am a highly polished, refined, and aristocratic-looking dining-table. I have not always held the position I do now. Once upon a time I was a rough country chap and lived in a wood. However, I was given to understand that I must shift and do something in this world besides standing in the sunshine all day listening to birds and watching the babbling

stream. It was a cruel wrench to leave my home, and I confess I was cut up very much to my very heart. I was deprived of all my belongings, not being allowed to carry away anything except my trunk, which contained all I had in the world. I was not even allowed to make my bow when I took my leave, so I trust you twig my meaning."

Here the scholar scores against the inspector, though we cannot believe this irritating effusion to have been original. We contend that it had either been committed to memory from the columns of some comic journal and adroitly utilized by this impudent young monkey, or had been manufactured for his benefit by a facetious schoolmaster who had got wind from a neighboring teacher of the inspector's partiality for this question.

The practice of giving such tips to one another by elementary teachers, where the inspector was reputed to be a "scorcher," was undoubtedly not unknown in the very high and dry result days, when managers were actually paid a penny a head on every "pass" per cent. in the three R.'s obtained by the scholars in average attendance in a school; i.e., if ninety per cent. of them passed in those subjects in a school of one hundred, 7s. 6d. a head would be paid on each of the hundred children.

One afternoon an examination had been protracted considerably after the usual hour, and the inspector was sitting talking over the results of the examination with the head-master, when a knock came at the door. "Come in!" said the master, and a boy entered. "I'm very busy, my boy; but what is it?" "Please, sir, Mr. S. of St. P.'s has sent me for the inspector's arithmetic questions, and he'd be much obliged by your letting him have them at once." "Not quite at once," struck in the inspector, "for of course it wouldn't do to let him have the lot we've used this

morning. Come, Mr. B., I'll ask your assistance in compiling a fresh set." They did so, and when these reached the master of St. P.'s their stiffness drove him to absolute despair. On another occasion an inspector on entering a schoolroom noticed a boy leaving it by the opposite door after a nod from the head-teacher. After a few words to the latter, H.M.I. passed on as if he were going into another department of the school, but really with the intention of following the boy who had just gone out. He lit upon the lad loitering at a shop window. The boy looked up at him, and evidently did not recognize him. "What school do you belong to?" said the inspector. "B. Street," rejoined the lad. "Then why are you not there this morning?" "Please, sir, I've been sent out to Mr. R., of St. P.'s, to let him know that old H. is about." "Old H.! then, my boy, I'll go along with you!"

It does not do, however, for inspectors to be too suspicious. The writer was once morally convinced that a boy was using his slate in an underhand way beneath the desk when writing a piece of dictation. He pounced on the lad, making sure he would find a copy of the reading book from which the dictation was being given lying open at the same page upon the form, beside him. Instead, he found the poor child writing the dictation with his toes, his right foot milttened, and tucked up over his knees. The boy was a handless cripple.

And here an instance occurs to us of the total annihilation of a smart young inspector by some intelligent infants in a North of England school. H.M.I. was examining the six-year-olds in object lessons before the Vicar and his lively daughter thus: "What is this made of?" (producing a penny).

Children.—"Copper."

H.M.I.—"No, children, you are mistaken: it is made of bronze, which is a

mixture of tin and copper. Now what is it made of?"

Children.—"Bronze."

H.M.I.—"And this?" (showing a sixpence).

Children.—"Silver."

H.M.I.—"Quite right; and this?" (fumbling for a half-sovereign, but, on failing to find it, rashly flourishing his seal ring in their faces).

Children (to the infinite amusement of the Vicar's lively daughter).—"Brass!"

H.M.I.—"My dear children, no! It's gold. Look more closely at it, now—yes, you may hand it round. Now, what use do you think I have for this ring?"

Little Girl.—"Please, sir, to be married with." (Vicar's daughter convulsed in the corner.)

H.M.I.—"No! no! *Men* don't wear wedding rings. But when your father seals a letter what does he do it with?"

Little Boy (briskly).—"Please, sir, a brass farden!"

We have given an illustration of Cockney self-complacency. National and local characteristics come out oddly enough in this way at the examinations alike of scholars and pupil-teachers. When a sub-inspector was hearing a class of London-Irish boys repeat Macaulay's "Horatius," he inquired whether three soldiers would be likely now-a-days to hold a bridge against a whole army. "Would three Englishmen, for example?" he said. "No, sir!" said the class. "Would three Scotchmen?" They again dissented. "Would three Irishmen?" "Please, sir," shouted an excitable little fellow, "*one* Irishman would do it!"

A North of England pupil teacher was asked to describe the way in which he had spent his Easter holidays. This was his answer: "At Easter I and a companion went to Knot Mill Fair. We did not take much account of the show except for the marionettes and wild

beasts. But we much preferred the latter *in cages*, for we were thus enabled to study the works of God without the danger of being torn in pieces!" Here the Lancashire shrewdness is finely illustrated.

A very large proportion of the mistakes of scholars and pupil teachers alike are of course due to "cram" pure and simple. What but "cramming" in geography could produce the following?

"The equator is an imaginary line, going round the earth once in every twenty-four hours."

"The Ganges rises to the height of 11,000 feet in the Himalaya Mountains. It flows along the Chain about 200 miles. The river itself is called the Main River; as you go further on you come to a place where it empties itself into the sea. This is called the mouth of a river, and if it has several, like the Ganges, they are called Sunderbunds."

The shape and motions of the earth used to be taught in the lowest class of each school by a requirement of the Code, which has since been very judiciously altered. For it is obvious that astronomical geography is quite beyond the capacity of an ordinary child, as the following will go to show:—

Inspector.—"Does the sun go round the earth, or the earth go round the sun?"

Boy at top of class.—"The sun goes round the earth."

(Inspector passes on question.)

Boy in the middle of the class: "The earth goes round the sun."

(Question still passed on.)

Cautious girl at bottom of class.—"Please, sir, sometimes one, and sometimes the other!"

At a monthly pupil teachers' examination in the old days, a girl who had been invited in the course of a paper on geography to "give an account of a coasting voyage from the London Docks to Bristol, and to mention all

points of interest *en route*," thus evasively replied: "I only got to the mouth of the Thames and then began to feel very sick and ill, so I went down below and saw no more."

To turn to historical bulls and blunders. My notebook contains the following extracts, which show very shadowy notions of history on the part of scholars and pupil teachers during the seventies.

"Julius Cæsar invaded Britain 55 B. C., and converted the natives of Christianity." "Richard I. went to Normandy, and was shot through the eye by a Mormon while capturing the Castle of Chaluz." "The Salic Law was an enactment that provided that no one descending from a female should ascend the throne." This is a girl's answer; so is the following: "Queen Mary died of dropsy. Her death was greatly hastened by the neglect of her husband, Phillip, Emperor of Germany, who afterwards became King of France. Feeling weary of the English people, she returned to France and died at Madrid! At the post-mortem examination of her body the word 'Calais' was found engraved on her heart." Of course, this last instance is a clear case of a confusion of ideas. The following short biography of Sir Isaac Newton is harder of explanation:

"Sir Isaac Newton was the greatest orator and statesman England ever produced. His best oratorio is called the Messiah. His essay on criticism and essay on Man are the best didactic poems in the language; his Dunciad and other satires have never been equalled." Can it be that this young lady (for the fair sex is again responsible for this biographical bewilderment) got up what she thought was a sketch of the life and works of Sir Isaac Newton from a textbook out of which the leaves intervening between the letters *N* and *P* had been torn out, and that she had been thus innocently attributing to

Newton what really related to Pope? Pope's version of Virgil's *Pollio* might be said to have some reference to the Messiah. The candidate recollected that the Messiah was an oratorio, and then, perhaps, put to herself the question, What ought I to call a writer of oratorios? and answered herself to her satisfaction: Why, of course, an orator—but this is the nearest that we can do to analyze the ingredients of this biographical puddingstone.

From history let us turn to science. Animal physiology is perhaps responsible for the most delightful absurdities in the way of examination answers that we have recorded, though domestic economy runs it hard. Indeed, they give good cause for the complaint of the anxious mother about this subject, that she didn't wish her daughter to learn it at all, because it was "rude to tell them so much about their insides." The heart is said by one pupil to be contained in a bony box in the north-east corner of the chest. The diaphragm is a *serious petition* (serous partition) between the thorax and the abdominal regions. The bowels are five in number—namely, a, e, i, o, and u—and the *humorous* is the funny bone. Here is a highly technical answer in domestic economy in reply to the very simple question, What is the best food for infants? "Oxygen, Hydrogen, and a little Carbon." Two of the other sections into which domestic economy is divided for the purpose of instruction in elementary schools—i.e., Clothing and its uses, and Ventilation—netted the following strange answers: "Muslin is a stuff worn in summer to let the perspiration through." "The teachers should keep her windows open bottom and top a trival (a trifle) wherever the weather will *promit* it. If the rooms are not lofty there should be some of Toby's tubs¹ from the walls outside. The teacher should take care not to get too near her class in teaching them, for

thus she would take in much poor gas."

When a great gathering of teachers presented him with an address and testimonial at the time of his retirement, Matthew Arnold so far took them into his confidence as to admit that he became a Government Inspector of Schools in order to have an income sufficient to marry upon, not because he felt drawn to the work, which largely consisted of examinations of a very monotonous and detailed kind. To employ such a man to assess grants in aid of elementary education, which meant seeing and hearing children of the lowest classes stumble over their pothooks and primers for several hours a day, was indeed to cut blocks with a razor. But what was at first distasteful to him became, after a while, agreeable, for, to one of his genial and sympathetic disposition, it soon proved full of human interest. He became the teachers' and children's friend, and though many a droll anecdote of his casual methods of marking and taking stock of his schools still goes the rounds, and though, as he frankly confessed on the occasion we refer to, he was a very unpunctual inspector, none of his colleagues had a shrewder sense of what was wanting in each school he visited, or could reckon it up more readily. For the general body of elementary teachers he thus acquired an honest respect and liking, and could preserve an unmoved countenance even when he encountered such delicious entries in the school logbook as the following:

"Have examined Standards IV.-VI. and am very sanguinary about the results of the examination." It may be added that the adjective used not inaptly describes what the results of the Government examination actually proved to be, for the schedules showed what has otherwise been characterized as "a superfluity of naughtiness."

¹ Presumably "Tobin's tubes."

Another logbook entry refers to the headmaster's recent marriage, of which it would seem he had made a formal announcement to his assembled pupils. It runs thus: "The event of my marriage, on August 10, caused a hearty outbreak of sympathy on the part of the scholars."

But we remember a sister of one of the most prominent members of the London School Board in its early days—a most active and admirable manageress—observing in the logbook of a school under her charge that a certain pupil teacher should attend to *grammar*. This suggests another instance of a manager posing as an authority, this time in geography, and being similarly hoist with his own petard. This gentleman—to the best of our recollection, a retired linendraper—went into school one day with the intention of putting the fifth standard through their facings in the geography of Europe. He began: "What is the capital of 'O'-land?" "Capital H" was the crushing rejoinder from the smart boy of the class. The ex-linendraper did not pursue his geographical inquiries further.

Of course there are managers and managers, and an inspector with a sense of the humorous has many a chuckle over the eccentricities of the stranger specimens. There was a rural dean among them who could not keep his university achievements out of his conversation with us all—inspector, teachers, and scholars—in the middle of the examination. Indeed he is reputed, when offering up prayer for his brother clerics at a ruridecanal meeting, to have asked for a special measure of grace for those who had not had the advantages of a university education. Though he was an eminent authority on the book of Job, nobody ever tried the patience of his schoolmaster more; in fact, the poor man confided to me that nothing disorganized the school so much as the entrance of the vicar.

Music, as taught in elementary schools, has not always charms to soothe the inspector's breast. An inspector descending a hillside towards a village school, on a broiling summer day, was saluted by an outburst of music which at first bore some resemblance to "Rule, Britannia," but afterwards broke away into the most bewildering discord. He made a mental note *not* to ask the children to sing "Rule, Britannia." He was met at the door by a farmer manager in his shirt-sleeves, grinning from ear to ear. "I reckon, sir, we have summat to please you this time," was his opening remark.

"I'm glad to hear it; and what may that be?"

"Don't you mind what you said about the youngsters learning rounds or catches, as it were so good for the discipline?"

"O yes! I remember. Have they got one up?"

"That they have, sir. You never heerd anything to come up to it." The inspector, glad, in this way, to escape from "Rule, Britannia," at once called for the round which he found on the list of songs submitted to him. The schoolmistress, cane in hand, led off the first class with the first strain of "Rule, Britannia." As they began the next strain the second class repeated the first with startling effect, and finally the last section broke in with it when the first and second divisions were shouting the third and second strains against each other. When it was all over the manager turned to the inspector with "Well, sir, did you ever hear anything to come up to that?"

"No, I never did," gasped the paralyzed official, "and I don't think I ever shall."

The present Government inspectors have nothing to do with the religious instruction of the elementary schools, but of course they come across many amusing specimens of the theological

views of the children frequenting them, now from a diocesan inspector, now at the vicar's dinner-table. Here are some illustrations:—A Sunday school teacher, after having explained to her class that only the patriarchs were allowed to have more than one wife, went on: "But, children, in these Christian times, how many wives may a man have?" Upon which a little girl eagerly put up her hand and cried, "Please, 'm, two only is generally necessary to salvation."

Candidates for confirmation by Roman Catholic bishops are generally asked a few questions by the latter before the rite is administered. An Irish priest gave us a couple of instances of questions and answers on these occasions, one of which we quote. "You say," said the bishop to one boy, "that God is almighty. What do you mean by that?" "That He can do everything, your lordship." "And do you believe that, my boy? Is there anything that

you think God could not do?" "Well, your lordship, there's only one thing that I don't think He can do." "And what's that?" "I don't think He could stop the farmers grumblin' about their crops."

The combined self-assertiveness and crassness of the average male pupil teacher must be held responsible for this kind of treatment of questions put to test his literary perception. On being asked to comment on the following passage:—

This England never will and never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror!

A pupil teacher thus contemptuously replies:—

"1. This is *impossible*, because it implies that a conqueror has only one foot, whereas he has two.

"2. This is *absurd*, because pride is located in the heart of man, not in his foot."

Cornhill Magazine.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

There have been many tokens this week of the emotion which Mr. Kipling's illness has aroused on both sides of the Atlantic. This widespread sentiment may be taken to mean that a young man, who was first heard of about a dozen years back, has come to be a representative force, not only in English literature, but also in the more complex elements which make up the character of a race. A year or so ago it might have been said of Mr. Kipling that he symbolized the fighting spirit of Britain and her offshoots, the indomitable will and brains she exercises by land and sea, her magnetic power over subject-races who detest her phlegmatic justice and her

cold pride, the ingrained devilry of the British soldier, and the unflinching devotion of the responsible civilian. To this we should have added that no other writer has shown so vivid an insight into the Oriental mystery which Indian statesmen whose names we sometimes hear, and their subordinates who remain unsung, have been administering for more than a century. This would have been a pretty comprehensive tribute to an author barely entered upon his thirties. But it would not have touched the emotion which Mr. Kipling inspires now, and which causes men and women to offer up public prayers for his life. He has come home with startling suddenness

to the religious sense of his people. The creator of Mulvaney, the chronicler of the license which civilization thinly veneers in the soldier's mind, the singer of England in her aggressive might and her inveterate enmities, made the Jubilee the occasion not for exultation over the Imperial display of material strength, but for a humble confession that righteousness alone exalteth a nation. The "Recessional" did for Rudyard Kipling's fame what all the gifts of the story-teller, all the audacities of the pride of life in prose and verse, would have failed to achieve. It was just that kind of humble petition which has moved the hearts of a domineering and headstrong race since the days of Cromwell. It is akin to the spirit which made the prophets of Israel abase themselves in prayer and then rise with new vigor to smite the Amalekites. Mr. Kipling makes no secret of his conviction that Russia is the Amalekite who may have to be smitten before the echo of our "Recessional" has died away. He bids America "take up the white man's burden;" but it must be well understood that only Britain and America and our colonial kinsmen are appointed for this labor. We are the chosen people; let strange nations beware how they interfere with our mission.

That is the temper which distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon communities, and Mr. Kipling is what he is because he has given it such forcible expression. His lyrical patriotism, which will not allow even religion to be cosmopolitan, has overshadowed his purely literary reputation. As a romancer he has great qualities and notable limits. India is the fount of his inspiration—the white man's burden in India, the impassable gulf between Eastern and Western ideals, the fathomless depths of native tradition and imagination, to which we apply our prim standards of conduct and proselytizing zeal. Mr.

Kipling laughs at the people who hope that India will some day conform to the decorum of well-pastored English villages. His best stories are those of the series called "In Black and White," which impress us with the immovable fatalism of this East, watching our little experiments with the serene pity of a consciousness infinitely older than our arts of government, and destined to outlive them as the Sphinx outlives the desert storm. Whether Mr. Kipling's view of the unchanging character of the Oriental mind be right or wrong, is not to the purpose. His triumph is that he wraps us in a magical atmosphere, in which our civilization, our science and statecraft, become transient phantoms, and nothing endures save the immemorial superstitions of the races whom we have reduced to a semblance of order. This contrast is heightened by the prosaic discipline of the Anglo-Indian official, the steady, remorseless grit of the governing intellect which administers laws for these people without affecting them in the remotest degree in character or temperament. Until Kipling began to write never had the English people understood how their great dependency was ruled. They knew how the Mutiny was suppressed; but of the daily routine of administration, the patient heroism which copes with plague and famine, and with still more disastrous prejudice of caste and race, they had the vaguest conception. All these things Mr. Kipling has drawn for us with astonishing power; and we see that in the process he has caught something of that fatalism which governs all Oriental speculation. He has no sympathy with the educational methods which enrich the Indian Civil Service with the glib Baboo. He respects the aboriginal native, but holds the hybrid students up to scorn. Our despotism is good for India, but it cannot train the people in the habits of self-

government. When our dominion passes away, not a trace of it will remain in the thought of Asia.

Such was the message which, at the age of twenty-two, Mr. Kipling set out to preach to the British public. It was heard with eagerness, not for its homiletic import, but for the new and strange imagination which it disclosed. Mr. Kipling became the interpreter of Tommy Atkins, hitherto inarticulate, and the minstrel of the barrack-room, and the public lent a still more willing ear. There is no subtle psychology in "Soldiers Three," but the portraiture is amazingly candid. Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd reveal an almost Homeric primitiveness of appetite. Mr. Kipling may be said to have limited his studies of humanity to the natural man, who recognizes no control but military discipline or tribal custom. Story-telling on this line would have had a very short shrift in English if it had not been animated by genius. Moreover, Mr. Kipling had the advantage of an Oriental background, and the public, without sharing the aspiration of the soldier to be shipped east of Suez, "where there ain't no Ten Commandments, and a man can raise a thirst," is ready to make some moral concession to that point of the compass. Had Mr. Kipling changed the venue, he might not have fared so well. It is significant that when his fancy quits the East, his magic falls away from him. "The Light That Failed" is a conventional story. In "Captains Courageous" we have the singular moral that the wholesome life of the cod-fishers on the Banks of Newfoundland is the best help to the son of an American railroad king to follow in the footsteps of his sire. West of Suez, Mr. Kip-

ling's psychology seems to be groping amongst unfamiliar elements. The old glamour reappears in the "Jungle Books," because the author is back again with Oriental mysteries. But there is nothing mysterious about an American railroad king, and Mr. Kipling's later attempts to invest locomotives and sections of marine machinery with the romance of sentient creatures, couched in the vocabulary of the engine-yard and the stokehole, have not made the impression which invites repetition. We long for the primal manhood of the soldiery who swam the river at Lungtungpen, and paraded after the victory with the serene conviction that the temporary absence of clothing was no disrespect to the Queen's uniform.

It is to the primal man that the strongest work of Rudyard Kipling appeals. His psychology is of the simplest; like Byron, he deals with elemental passions, and even his religion is less suggestive of Christianity than of the submission of the red man to the will of Manitou, or the Great Spirit. Women do not read him, but neither do they read Dumas. They shrink from the humors of Mulvaney, but they shrink still more from Falstaff. Mr. Kipling is one of the few writers who have won renown without the help of woman. The eternal feminine is absent from his pages. Moreover, to most Englishmen who cherish the hope that his life will be spared, he is less a figure in our literature than a literary herald-at-arms, who sounds the note of empire with superb vibrations. That is no small distinction to have achieved at thirty-three; but we still think that Mr. Kipling's genius was most truly inspired while he heard "the East a-calling."

THE REVOLT OF THE HIGH CHURCH.

The Economist has, of course, nothing to do with the discussion of doctrinal or ecclesiastical questions; but the "statement" or "memorial" unanimously adopted on Tuesday by the members of the English Church Union, which represents with more or less accuracy the opinions of the High Church, may have important political results. It contains a formal declaration by all the clergy belonging to the extreme High Church party that they regard the Established Church as completely outside the jurisdiction of Parliament, and that they will not obey any Court which they may regard as "secular." They say, "We have denied, and we deny again, the right of the Crown or of Parliament to determine the doctrine, the discipline, and the ceremonial of the Church of England." And "we earnestly entreat the rulers of the State not to incur the risk of certain disaster by encouraging any legislation which should aim at enforcing upon the Church in England the decision of secular Courts in spiritual matters." Words could hardly be less ambiguous, and it is well understood that they have not been adopted lightly, but express the most determined resolution of those who sign them. It is impossible to talk for a minute with a High Church clergyman and not perceive that this independence of lay control is the subject upon which he is really excited. The priesthood are to govern themselves without the intervention of any lay authority, even if the result should be the disestablishment of the Church. That is a very serious decision, even if it should be possible to avoid taking action upon it, for it reveals a profound difference of opinion between the High Church

clergy and the laity as to the present constitution and future control of the Establishment. The clergy hold, it is clear, that they are the Church, that the Church exists by its own divine right, and that the claim of the laity to govern it in the last resort is an unfounded if not an impious pretention.

That is not the belief of the laity. We are not concerned with the historic argument in which the memorialists indulge, though it seems to us inconsistent with the fact that the rubrics, by whomsoever drawn up, derive their legal authority from a statute, and confine ourselves solely to lay opinion as it now stands. In that opinion the Church, "as by law established," exists as a corporation by virtue of laws passed and enforced by a lay Sovereign, and the representatives of the laity in Parliament assembled, who have invested the Crown practically with the right of appointing bishops, who have increased and decreased the number of those bishops, who have dealt at their will with the distribution of the revenues of the Church, who have swept away many of its monopolies, especially those connected with universities, who have as ultimate authority sanctioned its rubrics, and who have in reality, if not in appearance, modified its doctrines, its discipline, and its ceremonials. The laity consider that, in their recent legislation as to the branch of the Church in Ireland, they practically exerted their full right to give the Church a constitution, and to deprive it of property, and they are convinced of their right, should necessity arise, to act with the same fulness of authority as regards the Church in England. As Parliament is no longer of one religious opinion, they are as

regards doctrine, discipline, and ceremonial most reluctant to use their full powers, and expel those who do not obey them; but they claim determinedly that those powers exist, and may, if necessity arise, be exerted. In particular they insist that they, and they alone, can create effective ecclesiastical Courts, and that an appeal from those courts must always lie to the highest tribunal, the Queen in Council, or, as we usually style that authority, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. In other words, the laity explicitly affirm precisely those things which the thousand or more clergymen belonging to the Church Union as explicitly deny.

We are not concerned in the least as to which party is historically in the right. A thousand pens will discuss that with more or less of fervor, knowledge, and logical acumen. We maintain simply that the two views are in direct collision, and ask what is to be the ultimate result. We can hardly doubt that it must be a crash, in which the weaker party will be broken into fragments. That crash may be avoided, as it has been avoided before, for many years. The clergy, in spite of some mutterings to the contrary, may submit to the kind of voluntary arbitration court which the Archbishops are now offering them—a court which it is well understood will be pacificatory—or the laity, who are much more interested about clerical conduct than either doctrine or ceremonial, may continue to tolerate, from men whom they acknowledge to be good, teaching and practices which they dislike or disbelieve in; but in the

end it is hardly conceivable that two opinions so radically diverse, and even opposite, should not collide, and what is to be done then? Clearly, the Church must assert its independence of the State, which is disestablishment, or Parliament, in this country the only ultimate authority, must do what the Church Union protests against, that is, must legislate, leaving those who dislike the legislation or hold it impious to depart at their own free will. The course adopted will depend upon the state of opinion at the time, and possibly upon the constitution of the Government; but the decision, let the Church fret as it may, must depend upon a mass vote of the English laity. Nothing short of a revolution in favor of arbitrary government can modify that fact, which, indeed, the Church Union would no more question than Mr. Kensit would, and in it, as it appears to us, is involved a principle which gives something of an air of unreality to the contest. The members of the Union desire to deny, and do deny, the right of the laity to interfere with them, but, as Carlyle said, the rights of man are as important as the rights of man, and a man might as well attempt to jump off his shadow as a Church to escape the authority of its laity when their minds are made up. Lord Halifax says the Church of Scotland has done it, but that is because in Scotland clergy and laity are substantially of the same mind. Does Lord Halifax believe that if the laity and clergy differed on fundamentals the Church of Scotland could exist for another year?

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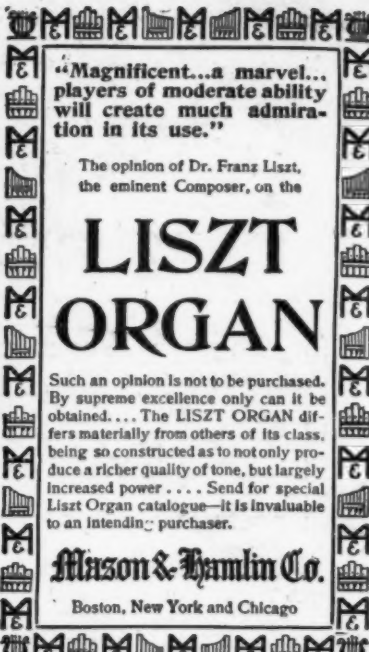
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